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COMIC SKETCHES;

OR,

*THE COMEDIAN HIS OWN MANAGER.*

Written and selected

FOR THE BENEFIT OF PERFORMERS

IN

ENGLAND,

SCOTLAND, AND

IRELAND,

AMERICA.

INSCRIBED TO

*THE PERFORMERS IN GENERAL,*

BY

CHARLES LEE LEWES, COMEDIAN.

THE WHOLE FORMING MATTER SUFFICIENT FOR

TWO EVENINGS' ENTERTAINMENT;

ORIGINALLY INTENDED FOR THE EAST INDIES,

AND AS DELIVERED BY HIM, WITHOUT AN APPARATUS,

IN MANY PARTS OF THE THREE KINGDOMS,

WITH DISTINGUISHED PATRONAGE.

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# BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF

## CHARLES LEE LEWES.

---

THERE is a certain jealousy in the human mind, which impels it to view with indifference, and sometimes with contempt, the performances and the actions of cotemporary genius. It is seldom that we discover a man to be either learned, or pious, or ingenious, until death has removed him from the sphere of competition; and then, when all are unanimous in admiration of his excellencies, none can tell *how* those excellencies were attained, or in *what* manner they were exerted. We suffer the effusions of wit, the corruscations of genius, and the flashes of convivial hilarity,

which proceed from men of acknowledged eminence, to escape us daily, without noting them down, or without even seriously committing them to memory; and yet when that individual has ceased to breathe, and when the events of his life become an object of curiosity to the world, we endeavour in vain to recall those quotidian beauties, which vanity, envy, or negligence impelled us at the time to disregard.

The truth of these observations was never more fully established than in the object of the present memoir. He was a man who had, for a series of years, been a popular and admired comedian; who had introduced almost a new species of amusement into our provincial towns; who had mingled with all the eminent wits of his time, and who himself most assuredly possessed no inconsiderable share of that fascinating quality. Yet, all we now know of him amounts to little more than a bare collection of dates, with a few of those occurrences of his life, which industry and application have been successful in collecting. These, however, scanty as they are, shall be laid before the public, and they

will, perhaps, be found sufficient to elucidate at least the more prominent traits of his character.

CHARLES LEE LEWES, like most other of the children of genius, could boast no splendid pedigree, or pomp of heraldry; his father was a hosier, who resided during many years in Bond-street, and who likewise officiated in the capacity of a letter-carrier in the Post-office. In this last humble duty, young Lewes frequently assisted him; and his constitutional liveliness and activity soon occasioned him to be noticed by various persons of distinction in the neighbourhood. This too was an acquisition, which afterwards proved of essential service to him; for those early patrons of his youth extended their countenance towards him after his appearance upon the stage.

The servile drudgery of business was a thing that he could never cordially enter into; an antipathy which probably arose at first from his early partiality for theatrical amusements. This inclination towards the stage was considerably increased by the applauses which he received, while he belonged to a spouting club; one of those pests of the metropolis,

those nurseries of vice, which the interests of morality require should be abolished. Having, like most other infatuated young men, been strongly impressed with the idea of his own excellence, he adopted the resolution of joining himself to a strolling company; a resolution which is but too frequently the consequence of becoming members of those societies. But those who rashly act thus, have little apprehension of the complicated evils which they entail upon themselves; they view the profession of an actor through the delusive medium of its exterior appearance; they think of nothing but applauses, patronage, and wealth, without once giving a moment's reflection on the vicissitudes they incur, and the privations they are about to sustain. It is not until they have felt the evils of hunger, anxiety, ceaseless labour, general contempt wherever they go, persecution from petty magistrates, and worse persecution from more petty managers, that they reluctantly confess the wretchedness of the life they have adopted, and execrate the moment when they first attempted to pourtray the excellencies of scenic

exhibition. It is no objection to this general picture, to revert to the well-earned fame and wealth of a Kemble, a Siddons, a Bannister, &c. there may be a *few* who emerge from the thorny path of itinerant acting; but the majority tread it, painfully tread it, all their lives; and even *those* who *do* flourish beneath the genial approbation of a London audience, would be willing to confess, that their present ease barely repays the former toil and misery.

Mr. Lee Lewes however, after experiencing for a few years the vicissitudes of this life, entered into an engagement with the Manager of Covent Garden Theatre, where he was principally employed as a Harlequin, but possessing a good figure, he frequently performed trifling parts in plays, such as Burgundy in King Lear, &c. &c. Upon the death of M. Dyer, he immediately succeeded to most of the parts played by that actor; and here probably he might have remained, when accident, which frequently elicits those sparks of genius, which would otherwise have remained dormant, proved of essential advantage to our young

candidate for theatrical fame; and not only rendered him an object of considerable importance to the Manager, but firmly established him in the favour and opinion of the public.

When Dr. Goldsmith's excellent comedy of "She Stoops to Conquer," was put into rehearsal, a considerable difficulty occurred in casting the characters; for Colman, and several other supposed competent judges, decidedly predicted its failure. In consequence of this, some of the popular actors were unwilling to appear in it, impressed as they were with an idea, that this play would inevitably experience damnation. It has indeed been confidently said, that the part of Young Marlow was intended for Mr. Smith, but that he absolutely refused to play this character. It is not here the place to animadvert upon this subject; or else, much might be said on the manifest impropriety of it; and authors labour indeed under a lamentable tyranny, if actors are allowed to refuse characters, drawn perhaps expressly for them, merely because they or their friends *think* the play will not succeed!

Whether however such was the case or not, Dr. Goldsmith entrusted the performance of this character to Lee Lewes; and to his success in it may be ascribed all his future eminence and celebrity. The Doctor himself was so thoroughly satisfied with his performance of it, that he wrote him the following *Epilogue*, which he spoke in the character of Harlequin at his benefit.

“ Hold, Prompter, hold ! a word before your nonsense ;

I’d speak a word or two to ease my conscience ;  
 My pride forbids it ever should be said  
 My heels eclips’d the honours of my head ;  
 That I found humour in a pye-ball’d vest,  
 Or ever thought that jumping was a jest.

[*Takes off his mask.*

Whence and what art thou, visionary birth ?  
 Nature disowns, and Reason scorns thy mirth.  
 In thy black aspect every passion sleeps,  
 The joy that dimples, and the woe that weeps ;  
 How hast thou fill’d the scene with all thy brood  
 Of fools pursuing, and of fools pursu’d !  
 Whose inns and outs no ray of sense discloses ;  
 Whose only plot it is to break our noses ;

Whilst from below the trap-door demons rise,  
 And from above the dangling deities.  
 And shall I mix in this unhallow'd crew?  
 May rosin'd lightning blast me if I do!  
 No—I will act; I'll vindicate the Stage;  
 Shakespeare himself shall feel my tragic rage.  
 Off! off! vile trappings! a new passion reigns!  
 The mad'ning monarch revels in my veins!  
 Oh! for a Richard's voice to catch the theme!—  
 Give me another! bind up my wounds!—

Soft—'twas but a dream!—

Aye, 'twas but a dream, for *now* there's no retreating;  
 If *I cease Harlequin I cease from eating* \*.

'Twas thus that Æsop's stag, a creature blameless,  
 Yet something vain, like *one that shall be nameless* †;  
 Once on the margin of a fountain stood,  
 And cavill'd at his image in the flood:

'The deuce confound,' he cries, 'these drum-stick  
 shanks!

'They neither have my gratitude nor thanks:

\* From this line it would appear, that Lee Lewes himself considered his abilities as of a very small extent, and that he did not aspire to any thing very eminent.

† It may be shrewdly suspected, that our Author here alludes rather strongly to the well-known vanity of David Garrick, who was at that time in the zenith of his popularity.

‘ They’re perfectly disgraceful! strike me dead!  
 ‘ But for a head!—yes, yes, I have a head.  
 ‘ How piercing is that eye! how sleek that brow!  
 ‘ My horns!—I’m told horns are the fashion now!’  
 Whilst thus he spoke, astonish’d to his view,  
 Near and more near the hounds and huntsmen drew.  
 Hoicks! hark forward! came thund’ring from behind;  
 He bounds aloft, outstrips the fleeting wind;  
 He quits the woods, and tries the beaten ways;  
 He starts, he pants, he takes the circling maze.  
 At length his silly head, so priz’d before,  
 Is taught his former folly to deplore;  
 Whilst his strong limbs conspire to set him free,  
 And at one bound he saves himself—like me.”

[*Taking a jump through the stage-door.*

In April, 1776, Woodward died, which opened another road to preferment for our hero. *Dashwood*, in *Know your own Mind*, was originally intended for Woodward, but it now fell to Lee Lewes, and the play had a considerable run. Unfortunately he was not proof against the inroads of vanity, and carried away by the strong tide of success which now ensued, he fancied himself in possession of every superior accomplishment. He fed his own importance to a degree, which neither

prudence could justify, nor experience corroborate. From hence a difference arose between him and the Manager; in consequence of which, he seceded from the Theatre. In 1783, however, he obtained a situation at Drury-lane; but his popularity being on the decline, his stay there was but of short duration. About this period John Palmer opened the Royalty Theatre, and Lee Lewes assisted him by delivering Steevens' *Lecture on Heads*, altered by his friend Pilon. But the whole of this scheme was soon abandoned, and our hero then went with his family to the East Indies, with the intent 'of performing there those Sketches, which form the subject of the present work. In this, however, he was completely disappointed; for, upon his arrival at Calcutta, the Commander in Chief (Lord Cornwallis) forbade him to commence any representations, but at the same time, to alleviate the pecuniary distress, which he knew this interdiction would occasion, he very generously made him a present of a handsome sum of money. The whole of this circumstance is detailed by Lee Lewes himself in the following

pages; where also will be found the letters that passed between him and the Governor's Secretary, which are now first printed from the originals in the possession of the publisher of this volume.

Finding that he could not put his plan in execution, he returned to England, and joined Messrs. John and Robert Palmer, and the late Mr Wilson, in a theatrical tour through Scotland. He also performed in Dublin, and occasionally in most of the principal theatres in England.

During the years 1792 and 1793, he took a tolerably extensive range of characters at the Edinburgh Theatre; and we find him thus mentioned in an occasional prologue, which Palmer spoke at the Assembly Rooms in Thistle St. Edinburgh, to an entertainment called a *Comic Salmagundi*, written by Anthony Pasquin:

“ Two cooks within—LEE LEWES and my brother,  
Like chiefs, are lab'ring to outvie each other;  
Dish upon dish those purveyors have got,  
To serve, like Dolly's beef-steaks, hot and hot;

With each a *bonne bouche*, by the Muses grac'd,  
 To gratify—they cannot mend **your** taste.  
 Instead of tarts, with salutary zest,  
 They'll give you epigram and harmless jest."

The principal characters he performed while at Edinburgh in 1793, were *Goldfinch* in the "Road to Ruin," *Old Manley*, *Polonius*, *Sir Anthony Absolute*, in the *Rivals*, &c. &c. This year also he became joint Manager of the Dundee Theatre, with the Palmers and Wilson, where he played *Horatio* in *Hamlet*, while the elder Palmer personified the Royal Dane.

On the death of his friend Palmer, he again endeavoured to obtain an engagement in London, but his application failed; for to every one, except himself, was the decay of his powers strikingly obvious.

It was the constant weakness of this performer to over-rate, beyond all conception, his own abilities. It is pretty generally known, that at a time when his embarrassments were excessive, owing to his great imprudence, which he could never overcome, he absolutely rejected

a very handsome and liberal offer from Mr. Harris, because he thought that nothing less than the highest salary in the theatre was commensurate to his vast abilities.—It is always to be regretted, when we behold real talent and abilities sullied by an overweening pride or vanity; but how much more is it culpable and disgusting, when we behold very moderate acquisitions so strongly mingled with the same base alloy.

We come now to his last appearance on a public stage. This event took place at Covent Garden Theatre on the 24th of June, 1803, for his own benefit, having obtained the use of the house from Mr. Harris, and the gratuitous services of several distinguished performers. But he lived only a few weeks to enjoy the fruits of this liberal assistance. On the 23d of July, having passed the preceding evening, apparently in good health, with some intimate friends, he was found dead in his bed. Thus he closed his mortal career in the sixty-third year of his age! He was buried at Pentonville, his funeral being attended only by a few of his relatives.

It was not until Mr. Lewis, the present eminent comedian of Covent Garden Theatre, was engaged at that house, that our hero made that addition to his surname, which distinguishes the two performers. He was christened Charles Lee Lewes, the name of Lee being given to him at the request of one of his godfathers, Mr. Lee, a relative of the Earl of Litchfield.

Mr. Lee Lewes was three times married. By his first wife, whose name was Hussey, he had several children, of whom two daughters are still living. The eldest was married to Wilson the actor; but the youngest continued with her father. The mother, who had a little patrimony of her own, well knowing the imprudent habits of her husband, left it to her children in such a manner, as that he could have no controul over it. His second wife was the daughter of a respectable innkeeper at Liverpool, named Rigley. By this lady also he had several children. There are two sons alive, who inherit from their mother a very considerable property. Of the name, family, and circumstances of his third wife, the writer of

this memoir has not been able to obtain any satisfactory intelligence; they must therefore remain in obscurity unless some more fortunate researches should bring them to light.

Such is the scanty intelligence, which industry has been enabled to collect, relative to the life of this once celebrated man. It is to be regretted that it is not more ample; but, perhaps, the enquiries of others may yet reveal various circumstances respecting him, tending to display his character more fully, and to unfold more at large his progressive exertions in his professional department.

His manners were lively and interesting; and in no company, where he was, could the guests complain of dulness. Indeed it may be very fairly presumed, that he possessed great constitutional vivaciousness; for the Sketches which form the subject of the present volume, and which he delivered himself, required no inconsiderable share of humour to procure them that applause which they every where met with. It is one of those arduous tasks which conscious genius alone can undertake, to furnish amusement to a company

solely by our own exertions; and this task, it appears, Mr. Lee Lewes performed with great eclat to himself. The exertion must have been great, and the habitual liveliness of the individual excessive, to catch with spirit every minute shade and almost evanescent colouring on which the whole effect of a thing sometimes depends.

As a writer, little can be said of him. But he appears to great advantage in the following work. None but those who have attempted it, can properly appreciate the difficulty of writing a facetious tale, so as to lose none of its volatile excellence. It would be a much easier task to compose an Essay like the Rambler, a Biography, or a Critical Dissertation, (supposing the writer to be previously acquainted with the rules of his art,) than to narrate with characteristic and effective airiness and levity, such light and minute trifles as are many of those which compose the following pages; and none, I believe, will be found who, after perusing them, will be willing to deny to Lee Lewes, the merit of having hit them off with great vigour and facility.

## INTRODUCTION.

---

“ What is more fitting than that Folly should be the trumpeter of her own fame, and dance after her own pipe ?” ERASMUS.

IN this age of folly and fashion, it is no wonder that I, who have been all my life the devotee of folly, should think myself entitled to perform a principal character in one of her temples, and thus be one of her humble instruments of public entertainment. I have ranged over the North, the South, the West, and have even visited the East, where, but for the folly of my plan, I might have returned a Nabob. But I do not repine. The approbation of the public is now all the wealth I seek; and if I have another wish, it is, that I may never want the means or ability to attain this, the sole object of my ambition.

TO  
PERFORMERS IN GENERAL.

---

GENTLEMEN,

THE following matter is necessarily arranged as a series of miscellaneous subjects, and not as a regular system. The person intending to recite them as an entertainment, can therefore select and arrange them according to his own pleasure, and agreeably to the nature of the performance he thinks may best suit his own talents, and the taste of his expected auditors.

I must allow that an apparatus will considerably assist the performance. But this must be left to the choice or convenience of the actor.

You will, Gentlemen, find in this work, some subjects you may have heard from that

very ingenious gentleman, Mr. Collins. Seeing the possibility so completely and successfully embraced in the entertainment of the Brush, suggested to me, I must confess, the idea of forming myself a performance that might be given without an apparatus.,

And here candour must allow, that Mr. Collins, in his original matter, I mean his songs, has displayed a considerable degree of genius and judgement. His old stories were well *brushed up*, and well told. But Mr. Collins has too much modesty to claim any merit as such stories being original. He, however, deserves the praise of having grafted them like an experienced theatrical gardener, on his own stock. Nor is he to be reminded, for he must know, and we all know who can remember the period, that they have, thirty years ago, curled the muscle of many of us barn-luminating, county-brushing, hoof-beating heroes after fame. Mr. Collins will, therefore, not be surprised by seeing, in the following work, some of them told or grafted in my way.

You are, Gentlemen, too well acquainted

with the selfishness, ignorance, and tyranny of most country managers; that they often preclude from their companies, men of real talents and experience, from their not being content as managers, without being also, Gnatho like, *omnium scenarum homo*, and strutting *mira socci ! grandesque cothurni !*

In a word, the Comic Sketches, I flatter myself, will relieve you when oppressed by such fungus excrescencies of stage royalty.

# ADDRESS

TO THE

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

*Residents in Calcutta, at the Period 1788.*

---

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

WHEN my fortunes led me into Asia for the purpose of exercising my professional talents, the following unexpected interdiction introduced me to your most kind and friendly protection. I arrived in Calcutta on the 26th July, 1788; on the 28th, I received the following polite note from Mr. Hay, Secretary to the Governor General.

“ Mr. Hay presents his compliments to Mr. Lewis, and begs the favour of his attendance at the Council House to-morrow morn-

ing at 9 o'clock, or at any other hour that may be more convenient to him."

" *Monday, 28th July, 1788.*"

I attended, when Mr. Hay, in the tenderest manner, and with real concern, signified to me, *that I must not give any public performance in the settlement, and that I must return to Europe in the same ship I came out in.* To which I bowed my assent; and although a bond on my part was necessary and usual on such occasions, Mr. Hay most politely dispensed with that part of the ceremony, and told me, my promise was sufficient. In a few days after, my good friend, the late Major Skelly, delivered a memorial from me to Lord Cornwallis, to which I received the annexed answer.

" *Government House,*  
*Aug. 9, 1788.*

" SIR,

" Lord Cornwallis has received your memorial; and in answer to it, his Lordship has directed me to say, that it gives him great concern to disappoint your hopes of accomplishing the objects of your voyage to this

country; but as you have come to India without leave from the Court of Directors, the duty of his station obliges him to forbid your making any public professional exhibition whatever in this settlement. His Lordship has desired me to add, that he feels exceedingly for the distress which you must suffer, from the step which you have so imprudently taken, and he requests that you will accept of the enclosed draft upon his Agent for one thousand Rupees, to relieve, in some degree, the exigencies of your present situation.

“ I am, Sir,

“ Your most obedient and

“ humble Servant,

“ HENRY HALDANE,

“ Priv. Sec. to the Governor  
General.”

*Mr. Charles Lee Lewes.*

To this I replied,

“ SIR,

“ I am this moment honoured with your letter, conveying to me my Lord Cornwal-

lis's orders that I should not make any public professional exhibition whatever in the settlement, to which you will be pleased to signify my submission.

" I have, at the same time, received a draft on his Lordship's Agent for Sa. Rs. 1000, for which I request, through you, Sir, to offer my humble and most hearty acknowledgements.

" I have the honour to be, with respect,

" Sir,

" Your most obedient

" and most humble Servant."

This was a severe stroke to me, attributable only to myself; but I very soon forgot to lament my own personal inconvenience, in the never-ceasing kindness of the whole settlement, and other private considerations of the Governor General, independent of his noble present of one thousand Rupees. And for which, permit me, Ladies and Gentlemen, to assure you, and the Noble Marquis, that, however time may weaken my frame, it can never lessen the vigour of my gratitude,

Some of the stories in the following pages, your partiality has inclined me to think, in some degree, contributed to enliven your hospitable and festive circles. My story of Lord Orrery and Garrick, has, I see, been most terribly mutilated in some magazines. I call it *my story*; for though the late Mr. Henderson made a most excellent oral composition of it, it never was committed to print before, as in the annexed pages.

If the following whimsies can afford any entertainment in the closet, give me leave, Ladies and Gentlemen, in this shape to introduce myself; and if those of my friends who may still remain in Calcutta, will be so indulgent as to take me by the hand in this manner, I shall, in idea, once more revisit the delightful and happy regions of Bengal.

I have the honour to remain,

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

Your most obliged,

and obedient Servant,

CHARLES LEE LEWIS.



# COMIC SKETCHES, &c.

## FIRST PART.

---

OF all the human faculties, none is more useful, admirable, and excellent, than speech. How noble is it, therefore, to exert, in a superior style, that faculty which is the glory of our nature, and which was given to us for the essential service of ourselves and society! Wherever the liberal sciences have been cherished, the art of speaking has always been cultivated with peculiar care, encouraged with honours the most distinguished, and rewarded with emoluments the most considerable.

Reviewing the state of eloquence in these kingdoms, we find this eminent perfection of our nature in a rapid state of decline, from neglecting to cultivate the voice in our early years.

How unfavourably must British eloquence appear, and how far distant from improvement must it be found, by those who recollect the manner in which our youth are taught to read!

In moral books, many words that should never be spoken but with the most respectful tone of voice and demeanour, are, by the old women of our village, and even our city seminaries, suffered to be banged, thumbed, and knocked about, six or seven times a day, without the least reverence or regard.

One little boy begins thus, in a bible with torn leaves and broken cover—"And Harbonah—one of the king's chamberlains—said to the king—behold also the gallows—fifty cubits high—which Haman had made for Mordecai—standing in the house of Haman—Then the king said—hang him thereon\*."

Another follows, in this manner: "Verse the tenth—So they hanged—Haman—on the—gallows—that he—had prepared—for Mordecai—then was—the—king's wrath pacified."

\* Esther, chap. vii. ver: 9 and 10.

Thus poor Mordecai and Haman—Haman and Mordecai, are hummed and hawed, and jumbled together with as little propriety of accent or emphasis as if hapless Haman was but just executed, and these little children were employed to cry his dying speech.

A Frenchman passing the door of one of these erudite seminaries, and stopping to listen, pursed up his face, and, with a shrug of contempt, exclaimed

“ Ah, pauvres misérables ! Be gar—dey sing like nutting at all.”

What a reflection was this ? The Frenchman having no idea of their being thus learned to read, very naturally supposed, from the tone of their voice, they were attempting to sing, and therefore very justly exclaimed, “ Ah ! Pauvres misérables,” &c. &c.

---

Is it not surprising that a sensible man, who can talk on many subjects with such propriety as to delight his hearers, is very frequently heard to read a news-paper in a tone

of voice less modulated, if possible, than the sound of a six-penny drum from the stroke of an infant.

For instance, suppose he met with the following paragraph:

“ Last night, after eating an hearty supper, died suddenly, with his mouth full of custard, Sir Timothy Tradewell, knight, an amiable companion, an affectionate relation, and a friend to the poor.”

He would read it in this manner,

“ *Last night* AFTER, *eating a hearty supper* DIED, *suddenly with his* MOUTH, *full of custard* Sir TIMOTHY, *Tradewell knight an* AMIABLE, *companion an* AFFECTIONATE, *relation, and friend to* THE POOR.”

It is strange he cannot read as he speaks. How awkward and ridiculous would a person appear coming into a room, and thus saluting the company :

“ Your servant, Capt. Wilson. I hope Mrs. Wilson is very well. How do you do, Mr. What-d’ye-call’em—I hope Mrs. What-d’ye-call’em is very well—and Master and Miss What-d’ye-call’em, and all the young What-d’ye-call-’ems?”

Would not this appear very absurd and ridiculous? And if it does in speaking, why not in reading?

---

There is another fault very frequently committed in reading, which is considerably worse than what is committed by the greatest of monotonists. This is being so fond of musical sounds, that every thing attempted to be read is in the recitative of a Spanish relator \*. Or else they approach very near the doleful ditty of Chevy Chase, or the Spanish Lady. As a specimen :

“ As near a barn, by hunger led,  
A peacock with the poultry fed ;  
All view'd him with an envious eye,  
Ti ti-tum-ti Ti-ti-tum-ti.”

---

The Bathologist is another, who commits as great an impropriety of speech. The most

\* In Spain there are persons who relate long stories in recitative, accompanied by the guittar.

trivial subjects he delivers with all the dignity and consequence of the most important and elevated. Such a character always reminds me of a person rehearsing the tragedy of Tom Thumb. This ridiculous affectation, although it seems a burlesque upon language, was, perhaps, assumed at first to give energy to the dignified, and solemnity to the serious passages of an author. But using it injudiciously has perverted the intention, degraded the author, and exposed to derision the bombastic speaker. It is, therefore, to be lamented, that from the too frequent repetition of such an abuse, it is now become so habitual, that we find it exerted indiscriminately on every occasion.

### An Example :

Thus when a barber and a collier fight,  
 The barber beats the luckless collier—*white* ;  
 The dusty collier heaves his pond'rous sack,  
 And, big with vengeance, beats the barber—*black*.  
 In comes the brick-dust man, with grime o'erspread,  
 And beats the collier and the barber—*red*.  
 Black, red, and white in various clouds are toss'd,  
 And in the dust they raise, the combatants are lost.

Without knowing the rules of either rhetoric or grammar, these evils may be remedied by observing as follows:

1st. Let every person learn to read with the same tone of voice as in speaking.

2dly. Be careful to observe the accent of syllables, and the emphasis upon words.

As the emphasis is the most important and the most frequently mistaken, the necessity of observing it with the most strict attention is exemplified by the various changes of it in the following sentence :

“ I must walk up that hill.”

These six words admit of six different senses, which are each expressed by altering the place of the emphasis.

Should it be asked,

“ *Who* must walk up that hill?”

The answer relating to the person, the emphasis must be placed on the pronoun, which is the first syllable in this sentence, as,

“ *I* must walk up that hill.”

Should the reason be asked of walking up the hill, the emphasis must be on the auxiliary verb, expressing that you are obliged

to walk up the hill. The second word, is, therefore, made emphatical, as,

“ I *must* walk up that hill.”

Should the *manner* be asked of going up the hill, the emphasis must be on the verb, or third word, as,

“ I must *walk* up that hill.”

Should the *way* you mean to walk upon the hill, be asked, the emphasis is on the adverb, or fourth word, as,

“ I must walk *up* that hill.”

Should it be asked which hill, the emphasis is on the preposition, or fifth word, as,

“ I must walk up *that* hill.”

Should it be asked where you must walk, the emphasis is on the noun or sixth syllable, as,

“ I must walk up that *hill*.”

Thus, the chief propriety of speaking, depends on the accuracy of emphasis; for if it be improperly placed, it produces a worse effect than if each word was pronounced alike; for monotony only obscures the sense, while it is entirely perverted by erroneous emphasis.

In all questions, the interrogative word is pronounced with a peculiar emphatical energy.

To explain this properly, I can take no happier method than my present situation prompts me to ask and answer.

*Who* am I before ?

My hopes flatter me, a candid and generous audience.

*What* am I doing ?

Craving their indulgence.

*How* shall I deserve it ?

By pleasing my hearers.

*When* may I accomplish that end ?

As the question *when* is generally answered by another *when* ; it would be presumptive in me to fix the period. I therefore most respectfully leave it to your judgement and my own endeavours.

But if I come to my last position and ask,

“ *Where* am I ? ”

I easily observe, I *am*, where even an attempt to please cannot be entirely disregarded.

Inconsiderable as points and stops may, to some, appear, they are so essential that nothing can be written or read intelligibly without their assistance.

Amazing as it may be thought, it is a certain fact, that the unfortunate King Edward the Second fell a victim to the artifice of placing a comma in the sentence of

“ Edwardum occidere nolite, timere bonum est.”

which his cruel Queen, with whom he was at variance, sent to the keeper of his prison. In this sanguinary act, she was assisted by that pestilent Archtrophel, the Bishop of Hereford, who devised a letter to his keepers, Sir T. Gurney and Sir J. Mattrevers, blaming them for giving him too much liberty and not performing the service expected from them. At the end of this letter was the above fatal sentence, which I have translated into the following couplet, for the purpose of explaining my observation.

“ To shed King Edward’s blood,  
Refuse to fear; I count it good.”

The manner in which the artful prelate pointed the sentence was by placing the comma after *timere* instead of *nolite*, as,

“ Edwardum occidere nolite timere, bonum est.”

Had the comma been placed after *nolite*, or after *refusé*, the sense would have been,

To shed King Edward's blood  
Refuse, I count it good.

Thus would the keeper have been commanded not to kill the King.

But the comma being murderously placed after the infinitive verb *timere*, to fear, the sense expressed was,

To shed King Edward's blood  
Refuse to fear.

The murder seemed, therefore, to be commanded with a kind of indemnity, as expressed in *bonum est*, or *it is good*; for by this artful punctuation, the last portion of the sense deems the action meritorious. And as

the clergy then possessed the greatest influence over the opinions of the people, such a sentiment, avowed by a bishop, divested the act of this regicide of all its atrocity in the mind of the keeper.

All conscientious scruples being thus removed, the unfortunate King fell a most pitiable victim to the vengeance of his Queen, and the ambition of the Bishop.

Another instance of the power of punctuation I have to adduce, and which evinces to what evil purposes learning may be applied when possessed by men of desperate tempers, and vile inclinations.

A Bishop of Asello ordered this inscription to be engraved over his gate :

“ Porta patens esto, nulli claudaris honesto.”

“ Gate be open, and not shut to any honest man.”

But the comma being placed after *nulli*, instead of *esto*, the sense was thus perverted,

“ Gate be open to none, but shut to an honest man.”

This outrage upon the worthiest part of society caused the Bishop to lose his bishop-

rick, although he artfully pleaded, in his defence, that it was the mistake of the painter.

The art of punctuation having such essential power in discriminating the meaning of a sentence, let every person study their use, and never forget that a single comma occasioned the murder of a king and the loss of a bishoprick.

---

Our language has only five vowels, and yet they are frequently found useless in words which contain them.

T, O, N, G, U, E is called "*Tung.*" And such is the force of custom, that a person would appear ridiculous who should give this word any other pronunciation. But were I to call *Lingua*, which is Latin for the Tongue, *Ling*, I should be thought a great blockhead.

Can any thing be more absurd than P, L, A, G, U, E spelling Plague? For taking two letters from it, it becomes a word of two syllables, and spells *ague*.

This caused Voltaire, when he learned

English, to be so enraged at the settlers of our language, that he wished the ague had one half and the plague the other. There are many words spelt exactly alike, which are differently pronounced. For instance,

A Bow, to shoot with ; Bow, to bend or make a bow.

Close, near at hand ; Close, to shut up.

Job, a man's name ; Job of work.

Minute, part of an-hour ; Minute, or small.

We have also many words pronounced exactly alike, which are entirely different in their meaning ; as

The soul of a man,

The soal of a shoe, and

The fish called a sole,

are all indiscriminately pronounced alike.

But to shew our partiality to Jacks, we have made a

Jack to pull off boots,

Jack to roast meat,

Jack to hoist weights,

Jack a pint measure,

Jack that dances on the keys of an harpsicord.

Then we have a

Fish called a Jack,

And a beast called a Jack.

You'll find also,

A Jack-ketch in London,

A Jack-daw in the country,

And a Jack-pudding every where.

The Lion has his Jack-all in the forest.

The Bowler has his Jack upon the green.

And the Gamester has his Jack upon the cards.

You may add to these—

A Jack twisted on the sprit sail top head,

A Smoak Jack,

A Jack-a-napes,

A Jack of all trades,

A Jack-a-dandy,

A Jack-a-styles,

And a Jack-a-lanthorn.

But to prevent this subject playing the Will O'th'whisp, and leading me into an error, I shall leave the family of the Jacks, which are as numerous in this kingdom as the family of the Staffs mentioned by Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq. the family of the Wrongheads, the Oes of Ireland, or the Macs of Scotland.

BUT of what can we accuse the letter H, to justify the contempt with which it is treated?

The pedant calls authority, *authority*. I know he will tell me it is of Greek origin. But as we are speaking English, and not Greek, we should admit the word to all the privileges of naturalization. Such as call authority, *authority*, might as well call *beldam*—*bell-weather*; for it is derived from the French, in which language it signifies a fine lady, and in English, an old hag.

A boy at school, reading his lesson to his master, came to the word Honour; the boy pronounced the H. The master asked—“Honour? What’s Honour? The word is Onour.”

“La!” said the lad, “don’t it begin with an H?”

“What if it does?” said the master.—“You blockhead, don’t you know that H is no letter?”

The next morning, the master wanting a muffin toasted, gave it to the boy and bid him *beat* it. The boy went to the fire-side, but

made better use of his time; for when the master called, and asked—"Is the muffin done?"

"Done, Sir?" answered the sly rogue, "I have done as you bid me."

"Well, Sir, where is the muffin?"

"La, Sir, I have *eat* it, as you bid me."

"Why, you little villain!" exclaimed the master, "I ordered you to *heat* it."

"Yes, Sir," answered the boy; "but you know, you told me the H was no letter."

A favourite author observes,

"From Monkish ignorance the land was freed,  
And even country school-masters could read."

This is an oblique insinuation, that very few can read at present. But however this may be verified on this side of the water, it is quite different in our sister kingdom. For there the masters are all men of the most consummate erudition. The following is an instance.

Father M'Tutor'em, of the parish of O'Prosody, in the county of Docemus, sits himself down the *monarch* of a *shed*, to teach the little puny whipsters the Christ-cross-row, so as to make the most lasting impression. He has all the little fry for five miles round, whose fathers can afford to give five coppers a week for their education.

There was a little Dermot, little Phelim, Terence M'Bluderoch, and Paddy O'Drog-heda, &c. &c.

Father M'Tutor'em called, in this manner, upon the last new comer, who, be it known, knew as much of the alphabet as he did of the longitude.

“ You little O'Shocknessey, come hither with yourself. Bring your primmer in your hand, and your coppers in your fist. Blow your nose, and hold up your head like a man. Arrah ! don't be hunting after the flies across the ceiling ; but cock your eye and look strait at your book ; that you may shoot every word flying.

“ You see that letter that looks, for all the world, like the gabel end of your father's

cabin, with a beam across the middle of it : that is called A—agusee A ; and that letter, the next door neighbour, is namesake to the little gentleman that sucks the flowers, fills the honey pots, and carries a damn'd long sting in his tail ; that is Mr. B. and B stands for blubberlip. Arrah now, what makes you pout out your lip so ? Tuck in the selvage of of your mouth, blow your nose, and hold up your head like a man. The next is, for all the world, like the sign of the half-moon, where Judy Mac Gluthery sells whiskey ; and that is called C, and C stands for Cobler, or Coblers. And you see the next, that is, for all the world, like the broken handle of a pair of snuffers ; and that is called D, and D stands for Daughter ; agusee Cobler's Daughter ; agusee, Blubberlip Cobler's Daughter. And that next is called E ; which the English flats, bodderation to 'em, call E E, as if there were two of them. By my conscience, they might as well say *cheek* handerchief, instead of *check* handkerchief, though it was only made for the nose—That's true ! Blow your nose once more.

And that next you see, that's like a gibbet, with a little plug half way up, for the hangman to put his foot on. Heaven bless you, my dear, and keep your mother's child from the like of it my jewel. That is called F; and F stands for five. Arrah, now, and what's the next letter to F?"

"I don't know."

"Arrah, now, why don't you know?"

"Becase I can't tell."

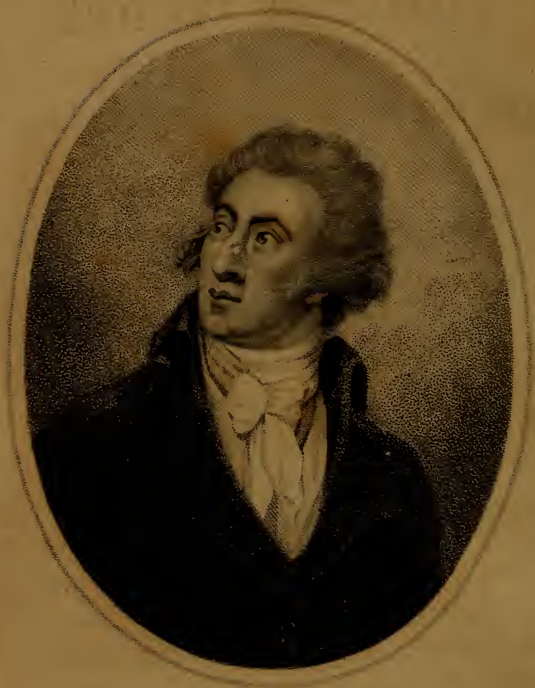
"Now you do know, and you can tell. Arrah! what does the Carman say, when he wants his horses to go faster?"

"Gee."

"To be sure: and that's the letter G. And if any body should ask you which of your *hands* goes *barefoot* for want of a glove, you may say H, which is the same as both; and H stands for Horse, or Horses, and I stands for Jockies. Now, my little fellow, agusee Blubberlip, Cobler's Daughter eat up five gingerbread horse-jockies, boots, spurs, whips, buckskin breeches and all. Mercy on us! What a devil of a twist!

"Now I've taught you one third of your





*Hopwood sc*

*Charles Lee Lewis,*  
COMEDIAN.

*Published by H.D. Symonds, May 20. 1804.*

lesson, and I'll teach you the other two halves  
 when you have knocked that under your  
 skull-cap. And then, my jewel, I'll tell you  
 how to spell. Arrah, but spelling is reading  
 itself, my dear honey; for instance now,  
 in the word Constantinople, which, I believe,  
 if my recollection don't fail me, is that great  
 city, my dear, of which Turkey is the me-  
 tropolis, where the Grand Turk keeps a  
 whole regiment of *Januaries*, who, mercy on  
 us, are devils of fellows at a *March*. But  
 you'll know more of these things by and by,  
 when you read history, my little fellow.  
 You'll find also, if the Turks have their  
*Januaries*, the Romans had their *Decembers*,  
 and their *Augusts*, and their *July* Cæsars.  
 But now to spell the word Constantinople,  
 my dear. C, O, N, *Con*—that's the *Con*;  
 S, T, A, N, *stan*—that's the *stan*, and the  
*Constan*; T, I, *ti*—that's the *ti*, and the *stanti*,  
 and the *Constanti*; N, O, *no*—that's the *no*,  
 and the *tino*, and the *stantino*, and the *Constan-*  
*tino*; P, L, E—that's the *ple*, and the *nople*,  
 and the *tinople*, and the *stantinople*, and the  
*Constantinople*. Now run home with your-

self, before the *spallp'eens* and the *cooghorns* eat up the pratees and butter-milk, my jewel.

“Where’s your manners? Make your bow. Oh, you will be a Clargy one of these days!”

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## LANGUAGE.

ONE great cause of the English language having never been reduced to a standard, arises from a set of rhyming or lisping gentry, whom we may very justly call, *Word-clippers*.

The legislature, having most carefully provided for the preservation of the game, would serve their country much more essentially, were they to devise some punishment that would restrain such as, from caprice or for the purpose of rhyme, rob and despoil their own mother-tongue of its chief beauty and ornament. Should they not be tried on the Coventry Act for maiming and defacing?

Another set of language debasers are Lispers, Stammerers, and Snufflers : but as these are generally such as owe their respective impediments to nature rather than to inclination, let us content ourselves with smiling at their laughable distortion of language, without consigning them to the punishment of the Word-clippers.

The STAMMERER beats a tat-too of an hour long upon a single monosyllable, while he contracts his mouth into as many forms as if he had swallowed an alum posset ; and it is, with the greatest difficulty, he can tell you his name is—*Tom Handy*.

The LISPER is the reverse of the other ; for the STAMMERER has so great an antipathy to the letters T. H. that he never uses them. But the LISPER, on the contrary, is so attached to them that he adopts them on all occasions ; for he will fay,

“ Where the sweet honey-suckle grew apace,  
The whisp’ring breezes softly fann’d her face.”

The SNUFFLER is very improperly called a speaker through his nose ; for speaking

through the nose is giving the breath its free passage, and speaking as we ought. I'll give you an ocular and auricular proof of it.

“ On Thursday last a mad-bull ran into a dancing school near Puddle Dock ; one of the young ladies having more courage than the rest, threw a cambrick handkerchief in his face ; but it didn't hurt him much.”

By putting on a pair of spectacles, you will perceive I snuffle, which demonstrates that this tone or snuffling proceeds from an affected or natural contraction or obstruction of the olfactory nerves in the nasal passage.

---

A speech delivered with an improper cadence, grates upon the ear like the sharpening of knives, or the delectable serenade of cats, calling with their untunable bagpipes, the neighbouring mouse-hunters to their midnight revels.

What can be more ridiculous than to hear a player, with a deep base voice, adapted only for Caliban in the *Tempest*, attempt

the part of a lover, and deliver himself thus—

“ O let me gently sigh my soul away,”

Or any, with a squeaking voice only proper to cry pancakes or diddle dumplings ho! scream out in the martial Macbeth,

“ What man dare, I dare.

Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear.”

When, if his soul were as effeminate as his voice, he would tremble at the approach of a puppy dog.

A few years ago, I went to Drury Lane Theatre, to see a play, called the Rehearsal. It being the Lord Mayor's day, the person that should have performed the part of the Bold Thunder was dining at Guildhall, where the glass was pushed about with such alacrity, that Jove's Bold Thunder was almost sunk into silence by the enchanting effluvia of his Lordship's nectar, or, to be more explicit, he was downright - - - I must not say *drunk*, lest I should incur the censure of being vulgar—

especially as there are so many words to express this fashionable vice more politely. For instance,

The Beau would say he was,

“ Hocus,  
Non se ipse,  
Elevated,  
Electrified, or,  
Non Compos Mentis.”

A Barber would say he was,

“ In the suds, or,  
Terribly cut——”

alluding to misfortunes that frequently befall him in his trade.

But the rough honest Tar would talk about his being,

“ Half seas over,  
Across the line,  
Out of his latitude,  
Beside his reckoning ”

While others would say he had,

“ Bung'd his eye—Was knocked up—  
How came ye so—Had got his little hat on—  
Top-Heavy—Pot-Valiant—That he had been  
in the sun—That he was in for it—Very

much disguis'd—Clipp'd the King's English—Quite happy—Bosky—Fuddled—Muddled—Tipsy—Dizzy—Muzzy—Sucky—Rocky—Groggy—Blind as Chloe—Mops and Brooms,"—and many other appellations too tedious to mention. But, for my part, I shall only say, he had drank more than nature required.

The Lady, who was to perform the part of the Brisk Lightning, was almost in the same predicament; for being very delicate and timorous, she was obliged to fortify herself with some cordial auxiliaries before she could appear before an audience with that confidence which is necessary. Dr. Hill's tincture of sage not being then in fashion, the tincture of juniper was taken for the same purpose. But taking, unfortunately, a spoonful more than the Doctor prescribed, she was disabled from performing her part with her usual propriety and discretion.

In this condition they both went on the stage. Both the Lady and Gentleman mistook their parts. She begun with her small treble pipe—

“ I am the Bold Thunder.”

“ If you are,” said Boys, “ it is a very distant clap.”

“ The Brisk Lightning I,”

said the man in a tone of voice resembling that of a large hungry mastiff growling over the cook-maid's kindness.

Thus the Bold Thunder, which ought to have been roared out in a deep manly voice, was squeaked out in the tone of a guinea-pig. And the Brisk Lightning, which should have been spoken in a light quick voice, was growled out worse than the harmony of a duetto produced by the grunting of two hogs, the croaking of a raven, or the growling of a cracked string of a broken bass viol.

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The tone of the voice should vary with the subject. When the latter is grave or solemn, the voice should correspond in the Adagio,

and be also grave. But should mirth or laughter be meant to cheer the soul, the Allegro or sprightly style should prevail. But an error in this correspondence of voice to subject is not so disgusting as hearing such tragedy stocks and stones as never felt a touch of the Promethean torch. Believe me, I have heard his crook-backed Majesty, Richard the Third, in the part of the battle in Bosworth Field, breath out revenge and slaughter in such a pretty, soft, lullaby strain, that you would have imagined he was walking in his sleep, and only dreamt of a battle—For instance:

“ Come forth my honest sword!—Draw archers, draw your arrows to their head; spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood; and thou our warlike Champion, thrice renowned, St. George, inspire me with the rage of lions! Hark! the shrill trumpet sounds—to horse!—away—My soul’s in arms, and eager for the fray!”

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Many would imagine, that a provincial

dialect would greatly embarrass and impede the progress of an actor in his profession. And yet there are many who, in defiance of this defect and advice of their friends, have the temerity to embark on the perilous seas of tragedy and comedy. I have really heard one of these knights of hardihood, a Northumbrian from beyond the banks of the Tyne, scour out his words with such an abominable Newcastle bur in his throat, and talk of *privileges* and *prerogatives*, and the *brave British troops that brought down the pride of France*, that appeared as if he had swallowed a scrubbing brush, and was labouring with all his might to bring it up again.

As another remarkable instance of provincial dialect, I beg to relate what happened a few years ago at Poulton in the Fylde, in the wild parts of Lancashire. The story descended to me in its provincial dialect by a native who was present.

There were five persons, the wise-heads of the town. They consisted of the Squire, the Exciseman, the Apothecary, the Lawyer, and the Curate, who held a deep consultation

whether a *hedge-hog* was an animal, a vegetable, an artificial, or a natural curiosity.

First, the Lawyer defined it to be a thing Heaven never made, and as how, he had a great mind to serve it with “*a copy of a stick.*”

The Exciseman, sticking his thumb in the ink-bottle, declared—“ I canno’ gage it—nor I canno’ gaum it; but for sure and sartin it must be somewhat—or somewhat else.”—

The Apothecary, scratching his head, very sagaciously and significantly observed—“ I count it to be a sort of a live thistle.”

The Squire asked Robin, the hostler, if he did not think it was a sort of a round-a-bout curry-comb.

And the Parson, after *downing* his spectacles, and *gloring* at it for half an hour, exclaimed, “ Odsboddikins, for sure and sartin, it must be the *devil’s nutmeg-grater.*”

Such was the profound consultation of these five wise men of Gotham, or rather of Poulton; and such were their enquiries, that they ended just where they began.

## CORPOREAL ORATORY.

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A PIECE of Oratory, however sensibly it may be written, will produce little effect unless delivered with every part of the body corresponding with the modulation of the voice.

The face, being the index of the mind, should always agree in expression with the passion, emotion, or sentiment of the subject. Thus every passion of the soul may be expressed even without the assistance of speech.

For however requisite and essential may be the expressions of every part of the body in general, yet the face particularly expresses, by its infinite variety of muscles, the passions more forcibly than all the human frame beside.

Thus it expresses

Gravity.

Stupidity.

Fear.

Wonder.

Anger.

Mirth.

Sorrow.

As observed before, every part of the human form contributes to the expression of every passion and emotion possessing the soul.

The head is sometimes erected with conscious pride, depressed with indignity, and drawn back with disdain. Sometimes a nod gives assent, and a shake denial: while, by other motions, it threatens, approves, and suspects.

The *arms* are sometimes lifted as high as the face, to express wonder; sometimes extended forward before the breast, to express fear; the hands are clapped by surprise and in sudden joy or grief; the right hand is clenched, and the arms are brandished, to threaten; and the arms set a-kim, express consequence. With the hands, as Quintillian

says, we *refuse*, *invite*, *intreat*, appear averse, fearful, and doubting. They also deny, ask, affirm, dissent, and display joy and grief. By the hands many words are supplied, and when the language of the tongue is unknown, that universal expression of the hands is understood by all nations.

The face, the head, the hands being, thus, capable, independent of the tongue, to express the dictates and sensibilities of the soul, how forcibly must their united expression aid the eloquence of the accomplished orator !

The *French* depend so much upon corporeal oratory, that they talk more with their heads and shoulders than with their tongues. But this is not only the abuse of what would, otherwise, aid the general perfection of speaking; for they speak first and think after, step a minuet as they walk, and keep their bodies always dancing while their tongues are talking. So great lovers are they of action, that they are ready to wound with their canes, in *carte*, *tierce*, or *seagoon*, every one they meet.

The *Dutchman*, in the other extreme, uses not the least action. His teeth perform the

office of his hands, which he keeps in his pockets, and smokes away without thinking of withdrawing them - - - but for the purpose of receiving money.

The *Spaniard* walks with the state of a snail over the leaf of a cabbage, while one hand holds a box of snuff, and the other charges his nostrils. Every sentence he speaks is accompanied with a shrug of his shoulders, and every step he makes has the same leisure as the stride of a cock.

A great fault frequently committed is an unnatural and ridiculous contraction of the face when they are speaking. Some affectedly

Protube their under lip,

Others draw it in,

Some draw it this way—[*On the left side.*

Others that way. [ *On the right side.*

These absurd contractions never appeared more glaring than in a set of grotesque figures, videlicet—A maiden lady and her three antiquated maid servants. The lady's name was Miss Priscilla Squeamish, whose heart was so cold as to cause her countenance to

chill every one who attempted to pay her their addresses. Being advanced in years, she had a great capitulation with

Esther Fidget, her own woman,  
Penelope Pip, her chambermaid, and  
Grace Greasy, her cook.

The faces of these virgins had been originally like those of other people. But, by affectation, they had distorted their features so as to acquire them the name of the wry-mouthed family.

Miss Priscilla, one day making them sit down by her, said,—“ Come, you are all good girls—(though be it known the youngest was forty-nine) leave ceremony, and give me frankly your opinions, on a very important affair. You must have observed, I am not quite so able to walk as I used to be—not that I am old; but you know I have had some time the rheumatism. I would, therefore, have a coach, were there not one great impediment to my accommodating myself with that conveniency. Do you know I should hate to be driven by a nasty *he* creature of a coachman, and that is the sole reason I have not yet kept my carriage.”

*Right side.*] “ Why to be sure, Ma’am—  
What you say is very true; for if so be as  
how, you have a coach, you must have some-  
body to drive it.

*Left side.*] “ Certainly, Mistress must have  
it driven unless she has the reins to come  
through two holes in the fore-part of the car-  
riage, and then she can guide the horses her-  
self.”

Esther Fidget observed,—“ Hold your *non-  
sentious* tongue—ye pair of *nizzies*, your  
counsel is *pertinacious*; it may endanger Ma-  
dam’s limbs to be *dislockited*, were she to hold  
the reins herself. Besides, if the *beastesses*  
should be *rusty* and unwilling to go, how  
could she whip them? Ma’am must have a  
coachman!”

Miss Squeamish thus gave her own opinion,  
—“ Oh Esther! I can’t bear the odious  
thought of a man waiting upon me, and com-  
ing into my house backwards and forwards.  
Oh fough! You know I never took a Hack-  
ney chair or a coach for that very reason—  
but chose to walk wet or dry.

Esther Fidget resumed—" Oh, my dear lady, may I never die a maid, if I have not hit upon the right *causation* of the affair— You shall have an old woman for your coachman. She I mean, my lady, is one Deborah Dogety, who lives at the next village; she has been used to drive a cart to market every week, and is very fond of wearing breeches, so that we can but dress her up in men's cloaths, and then that will do *pur-digeously* clever; for she'll have the *compearance* of a man, and not be a man neither; but only a poor harmless old woman. He, he, he!"

Miss. " Ha, ha, ha!"

Pip. " He, he, he!" [Right side.

Greasy. " Ha, ha, ha!" [Left side.

Miss. " Oh that will do indeed!"

Pip. " Oh charming!"

Greasy. " Delightful!"

Fidget. " Yes, I think I have hit it at last."

They all worked their mouths with approbation. Miss Squeamish gave Fidget a new silk gown for her good advice, and Deborah

Dogety enjoys her place as coachman to this day.

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A sharp-set genius for dramatic fame introduced himself to the late Mr. Garrick for the purpose of displaying his imaginary talents. Although he had scarcely in his life been off his shop-board, yet such was his opinion of his abilities as an actor, that he thought himself sufficiently competent to the arduous task of rehearsing a part before so judicious, severe, and discriminating a judge of acting as Mr. Garrick.

This Cockney by birth, and taylor by profession, thus addressed our Roscius :

“ Sir, I am your most *in-de-fat-abigail* humble servant—I shall be *wastly* happy and *wery* proud of the *hoppportunity* of being made a *bactor*.”

“ Well,” said Mr. Garrick, “ and pray what part would you wish to have the *hoppportunity* of *hacting* ?”

“ Romo, Sir; Romo, Sir;” replied the taylor—“ I should wish to *preform* the part of Romo; for my wife says as how, I read Robin Crusoe so *wastly vell*; and as how I have so sweet a *woice*, that she’s *wastly sure* and *wery sartin*, I should make a *monstracious* moving *lowyer*.”

“ Well, Sir,” asked Garrick, “ and are you perfect in the part of Romo, as you call it?”

“ O yes, Sir,” answered Snip—“ I am *main sartin*, I can go *thro’ stitch* with it from the beginning to the end on’t.”

“ Pray, Sir,” Mr. Garrick asked—“ Do you recollect a passage in that play where he describes a huge Colossus bestriding the lazy-pacing clouds, and sailing on the bosom of the air?”

“ O yes, Sir,” replied Snip, “ *wastly vell*.”

“ Then pray tell me, Sir,” continued Mr. Garrick, “ when he was bestraddling those clouds, which way would you go, supposing his stride to have been about the extent of a

moderate sized rainbow,—I say, Sir, which way would you go to work to measure him for a pair of breeches?"

"Lord have mercy on us!" cried the taylor, "here's a pretty job of journey work! Make a pair of breeches for a rainbow! Why I don't believe two taylors in London ever did such a thing in their lives. And I'm sure I could as soon make a pair for the man in the moon."

"Then pray, Sir," asked Garrick most indignantly, "how came you to think of undertaking my business, when you are not master of your own?"

"Lord, Sir," replied the frightened taylor, "I only *wonted*——"

"You only *wonted*," repeated Mr. Garrick; "pray, Sir, tell me—did'st thou ever behold Macbeth, with boisterous rage, bully the ghost of Banquo off the stage?"

"No, Sir," says Snip.

"You shall behold it now then," said Mr. Garrick.

## P A R O D Y,

IMITATING MR. GARRICK.

“Avaunt, and quit my sight! thy sheers are edgeless,  
 And thy goose is cold—thou hast no thread,  
 Nor needles in those paws that thou do'st stitch withall;  
 What manager dare, I dare—approach thou like the  
 Grim and greasy lamplighter, or arm'd chimney-sweeper,  
 With brush and soot-bag—take any form but that,  
 And my rich wardrobe shall yet escape cabbaging;  
 Or dare me to thy shop-board with thy sheers;  
 If trembling I inhibit, then protest me  
 The botch of a button-hole,—Hence, horrible taylor,  
 hence!”

Alarm was the word, and the taylor was off in a tangent, perfectly cured of his passion for the stage, which he resolved never to think of more, but to attend to his shop-board.

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THERE is scarcely a greater defect in the character of a gentleman than to express him-

self improperly, either in writing, reading, or speaking. Those possessing fortunes, should have the manners and accomplishments of gentlemen. But there are too many possessing considerable estates who cannot even tell a story properly, and yet render themselves intolerably tiresome by continually attempting to divert their friends with stories, anecdotes, and good things.

One of these entertaining companions will tell you a long story of a Cock and a Bull and a Barley Mow, in this manner :

“ That a—*he* said that *she* said, that it was no such thing—and that *he* said that *she* said, that *he* should say, that it was *monstrous* wrong in him *for to come—for to go—for to say so*—and that *she* verily believed *he did the thing* on very purpose.”

A Canterbury Taleist, or tedious Story Teller, is yet *more* insufferable. An author may be thrown aside when you grow tired of reading his works. But to relieve yourself from the weariness attending a tedious Story Teller, is thought such an unmannered liberty, that I have known a challenge sent a

person for leaving the room where *a man of honour* was in the middle of his dissertation.

Next to the *tedious*, is the impertinent Story-Teller, who is perpetually taxing conversation, and burthening his acquaintance with some new levies of his nonsense. He assumes to himself the character of an important companion, by the power he thinks he possesses of diverting his company with secret history, alias family scandal, and detailing transactions that, whether they ever passed in the world or not, are of no consequence to the instruction and entertainment he is assured they afford to all his hearers.

One of these impertinent Story-Tellers thus interrupted the interesting conversation of two gentlemen :

“ Sir Harry, what signifies your talking of the Americans and such stuff and nonsense—I’ll tell you a dev’lish clever story.”

“ When Topham, the great strong man, went down to New-Market, while the cook was roasting for him a couple of fowls and sausages for his supper, he roll’d up a pewter plate like a piece of paper, and gave it to the

waiter to light—for his pipe. Oh! He was a dev'lish strong man—Sampson! Damn it! Sampson was but a chicken to him."

"Pardon me, Sir;" said one of the gentlemen, "I know a man stronger than either Sampson or Topham!"

"Pooh, that's a joke," replied the Story-Teller; "you must not think to hum me in that manner."

"Yes, Sir," repeated the gentleman, "there is a stronger man in this room."

"In this room?" vociferated the other—"Come, I'll lay you ten guineas of that."

"Done, Sir!" the gentleman said.

"And done!" re-echoed the Story-Teller. —"Now name your man, Sir Harry."

"Sir," said Sir Harry, "I fix on you—You are a much stronger man than either Sampson or Topham; for you have lugged them both into this room by the head and shoulders."

The Story-Teller, thus bantered and confounded, was, to use his own phrase, struck all of a heap. The company being in a roar of laughter so much chagrined him, that he sneaked off as much ashamed as a perjured

witness out of Westminster Hall, or a Methodist out of a brothel.

The good Story-Teller possesses a fruitful invention, and always sufficient, appropriate words to explain his meaning. In a word, he has judgement to apply his subjects with propriety, spirit to pursue his narrative, and humour to enliven the points most diverting.

Mr. Hogarth used to tell a story of his being once in company with several artists, who were boasting of uncommon works each had executed. One, in particular, said, he had written a volume in folio with a single pen, which he had mended 199 times. Another declared he had finished an Equestrian Statue with only a broken knife for a chisel, and a rolling pin for a mallet. A third stated, he had engraved a copper-plate with no other tool than a rusty nail. "I told them," said Hogarth, "that I once painted a Sacred History Piece with one colour, which was neither heightened or lowered; making the background, shades, &c. with one unaltered colour." The company expressed their astonishment, and begged he would relate the

method of completing his performance. Hogarth thus informed them :

“ I was sent for by a Sir Thomas Thornton, a man of singular disposition, to paint his stair-case with some sacred historical piece, applicable to a circumstance which happened to him once ; which was his being at sea, where he was pursued and taken by some Algerine Pirates. I asked him what he thought of the Egyptians pursuing the children of Israel through the red sea ?

“ Egad,” said Sir Thomas, “ a lucky thought. Well, my dear friend, begin it as soon as possible. But stay, stay ! hold, hold ! —What is your price ? I always like to make a bargain with you gentlemen of the brush.”

“ Dear, Sir,” Hogarth answered, “ I can give no answer to that until I have finished. I shall not be unreasonable ; you will pay me, I dare say, as an artist.”

“ Hey, egad, that you may depend on,” said the Baronet ;—“ but stay, stay !—hold, hold !—I can’t think of exceeding ten guineas.”

Hogarth, picqued to have his talents so un-

dervalued, accepted the terms on condition that five of the ten pieces should be advanced before he began. The five guineas were paid, and the painter desired to begin immediately.

Hogarth rose early the next morning and took with him some common red paint, with which single colour he covered the stair case from top to bottom. He then went to Sir Thomas's chamber, and knocked at the door. The awakened knight asked—"Hey! Who's there?"

"Hogarth," answered the painter.

"Well! What do you want?" said Sir Thomas.

"The job is done, Sir Thomas," said Hogarth.

"Done?" asked the other. "Hey, the devil! no, sure! The stair case done already! Hold, hey—stay, stay!—Let me get on my morning gown—done—hey—What, a week's work done in a—Hey. Stay, stay!"

The knight hobbled out of his chamber as fast as his gouty legs would permit; and, rubbing his eyes, cried out—

"What the devil have we here?"

“ The red sea, Sir,” Hogarth answered.

“ The red sea !” said the astonished knight.

“ Hey ! Stay, stay ! Hold, hold !—But where the devil are the children of Israel ?”

“ They are all gone over,” said the painter.

“ They are all gone over, are they ?” Sir Thomas repeated.—“ Hey ! Stay, stay !—Hold, hold !—But, zounds, where are the Egyptians ?”

“ They are all drowned, Sir Thomas,” said Hogarth, who was considerably pleased to have thus so properly chastised the illiberal treatment he had received.

## GARRICK AND LORD ORRERY.

LORD Orrery was the intimate friend of Pope and Swift. In a general taste and judgment relative to polite literature, he was surpassed by none of his ancestors. He contributed, with Soame Jennings, and others, to a periodical publication called the *World*, and wrote several papers of the *Connoisseur*.

He translated the letters of Pliny the younger ; and, as a patron of learning, he presented Johnson's Dictionary to the Academy, Della Crusca, at Florence. He also distinguished himself as an acute and impartial critic in his celebrated remarks on the writings of Swift.

In the early part of his life, he was always in what is called the great world. But, advancing in life, his penchant for such a vain and perishing celebrity forsook him. His talent for humour, however, remained unimpaired. His lordship being well acquainted with the envy and illiberality of Garrick in not allowing any other performer the least merit, was determined to exercise his talent for satire and humour in chastising and exposing Mr. Garrick, the first time he should meet him at any card-party, or in any circle of acquaintance where he could successfully raise the laugh at his expence. He soon after met our late Roscius in a party which he thought most favourable for his design. He began by extolling the merit of Mr. Mossop, an actor of great and deserved fame. And here it is necessary to observe, that, although his

Lordship was profound in his judgement, his opinions were delivered with tedious prolixity, and consequential pedantry. The following conversation ensued :

“ David, I congratulate you very sincerely upon the great acquisition to your theatre, that dramatic luminary, that star in the zenith of tragic excellence, Mossop. The man is a gentleman, Sir. He was matriculated at our university, and is, I do assure you, adorned with every liberal accomplishment that can distinguish the elegant gentleman and profound scholar. Before he left us in Ireland, Sir, he composed and spoke a valedictory address. I heard him speak it; and an elegant composition it was, upon my honour, David. Every line was resplendent with as rich and glowing colours as ever came from the pencil of imagination. It would not have disgraced any of the classical ages of antiquity. But I mean to confine myself, David—I mean to speak of him as an actor; for in this winter, this blight of the stage, when figure and voice are generally substituted for feeling, conception, and imagina-

tion, it is no wonder that an actor of so much importance should excite the curiosity of every admirer of the drama, and that every dawn of his faculties should be received with pleasure, and cherished with approbation. But here, David, I must lament that, although taste and learning dedicate every effort to establish and perpetuate the fame of the poet, yet the actor, who is his harbinger to celebrity, is rarely honoured with a single leaf of the laurel which he has so essentially contributed to wreath around the brow of the poet. The graces of action, the harmony of elocution, and that energy of soul which distinguishes the favourite of the sister-muse, purchases but transient fame, which perishes with the possessor. The productions of the pencil are likewise comparatively transient; for they are subject to the insensible but incessant depredations of time: there remains not, at this moment, a single painting of Parrhasius, whose excellence was such, in the justness of his proportions, that had he been less vain, his fame no one could have rivalled, except Timanthes, who was justly voted to have been

the better painter. But of even Timanthes, Apelles, or Protagoras, there does not remain a single testimony of their pictorial excellence, by which we can judge of the justice of those praises so lavishly bestowed on them by Pliny, Quintillian, and Lucian. And sorry am I to add, that if you, David, had no personal interest with Apollo, the smiles of Thalia, and the favours of Melpomene; would, I'm afraid, afford you but a very insecure tenure upon immortality.

“ The stage, and its professors, I venerate. Let not the stage be condemned. It is, Sir, the laudable school of imitation. It justly claims the power of exciting virtue, which it rewards, and banishing vice by the force of reprobation. I am convinced, that many, whose hearts have not been rendered callous by attrition with the world, have returned from the theatre to their stations in society with breasts more disposed to feel and reverberate the endearing and reciprocal benevolence of social life. But I confess, David, it is not by those hayley, gayley, gamboraly pieces that trill, swell, and shake common-sense to

atoms; nor their dogs, bears, lions, lightning, and thunder.—No, Sir, nor any representation that tends not to ennoble morals and embellish society. For however they may derive eclat from the brilliancy of genius, they are dangerous in their fascination. They subvert sentiment by their baneful allurements, and corrupt intellectual purity by their gross sensuality. But, Sir, I maintain that the profession of an actor is highly eligible, and condemn, with all my powers of severity, that cruelty and ignorance of priestcraft which in France denies them sepulchral rights. But now, thank God, the thunders of the Vatican are dying away upon the bosom of common understanding. They are already in the wane, and suffering a total eclipse by the broader orb of all-illuminating reason. The minds of men, Sir, are emancipating from the fetters and dark dungeons of superstition; and the imperial bull will lose his horns. The enlightened spirit of freedom, in the remotest parts of the globe, will qualify decent toleration and universal benevolence. Then will the icy veins of monastic celibacy be warmed

by the pure blood of nature. Nor will the sons and daughters of men longer remain the dupes of hypocritical holiness or sanctified superstition.

“ I understand, David, you have had a great season. I rejoice to hear it. But where Garrick and Mossop are, that theatre must triumph. “ The Douglas and the Percy both in arms,” in the same cause, have a right to confide. You are two bright luminaries united—you are the Castor and Pollux of the theatric hemisphere; for no man, David, except yourself, so forcibly exhibits the various passions that agitate—and, I may say, agonize the human mind. And Mossop makes the broad stroke at the heart which, directed by the hand of nature, equally reaches the peer and the peasant, the prince and the plebeian. He is not the mere tool of whim, or drudge of fashion, David. No, he is none of those fellows whose words come out of their mouths racimiferously, like a bunch of grapes, which, wanting better entertainment, you are obliged to swallow, and a moment after regurgitate.

“ But you well know, David, what the actor of fashion is. The actor of fashion may be compared to a fellow tossed in a blanket: his supporters quit their hold of the coverlid—I mean those fellows who write in the newspapers—and down drops the hero of the day with a dislocated neck and broken bones: he instantly becomes *suppedaneous*, and, although he shall be to day in the state of *sublimation*, he shall be to-morrow in that of *conculcation*. But as general assertions bear no convictions, I shall arrange my ideas under different heads, not doubting of your assent to my several asseverations, which, without my being multifariously loquacious, indecorously garrulous, or incontinent of tongue, shall be *extradictionarily* founded in fact and built upon experience.

“ Now, in the first place, David, his voice—I don’t mean, David, to set myself up for a critic. No! I am too conscious before whom I am. I know I am before the Nestor of the stage, the Proteus of the scenic art, and the Oracle of criticism. Indeed, his beauties have been acknowledged by all possessing

fine taste, and his faults have been pointed out by the subtle, the learned, and the elaborate. For me, therefore, to attempt the critical investigation of a subject apparently exhausted, would be as hazardous as it seems barren. But, although it would be presumptuous in an artist to design the model of a temple or a palace, after an eminent architect, surely it cannot arraign his discretion to fix upon a single column, and catch some minute beauty in the architrave or frieze which may have escaped the mind expanded to embrace a vaster object.

“ I shall, therefore, insulate soliloquy from every other part of the histrionic avocation. Excellence in speaking soliloquy appears to me the most difficult to attain in the art of acting ; for in the spirited and impassioned scenes, nature alone dictates. And further, in colloquy, the eye of the speaker is always fixed upon the person addressed. But, in those unimpassioned and sequestered deliberations which the mind holds with itself, when reason drops the curtain before the eye of sense, and every external object is excluded, it is

then, Sir, that the genius of the actor is tried ; for if he has not a vigorous and fertile imagination sufficient to possess himself of his author ; and a sound judgment, with the happiest powers of execution, his attention will, unavoidably, be attached to the audience, while his words will be thus rendered ridiculous and unnatural. Although, David, I cannot pronounce him excellent in soliloquy, yet he is very far from being reprehensible. He appears to me more deficient in practice than judgement. And young actors, you must have found, seldom possess, at once, their powers in full and complete flexibility. Beside, at the moment he has rendered himself an object of attention, it is as unreasonable to expect him to be perfect as to expect fruit in maturity before the tree is planted. Therefore, let our love for the drooping genius of the stage cherish the hope of his possessing those requisites that will, in time, render him secondary to none except yourself, David. Don't you think he has an amazing fine voice—particularly in the spirited and impassioned scenes ? I conceive,

David, (a few instances excepted) that where the actor is influenced by mental ebullition, he should always speak in the upper key of his voice. It is, Sir, the native tone of rage, and he who reaches it not falls short of the poet's conception. But, Sir, every word he utters in those moments seems to me to rush from the burning mint of sensibility. He preserves the fire of his author undiminished, and as faithful as the electric conducting the scintillatives of nature's flame so direct and irresistible, that every nerve of the rudest mind is harmonized into that unison, felt only when such can vibrate the sympathizing chords of the heart. I don't mean a rant, David. You know well that a rant, David, is misapplying the great exertions of the voice. Now, don't you think, David, that his voice is what the antients called the *argentum*, that silver-tone? And when he speaks mute attention reigns. "Now don't you think his voice—?"

"Why? A-a-a, now, my Lord, as to his—his—his—voice—I—I—I must acknowledge that his voice is loud enough—a-a-a;

he has amazing lungs ; and his best friends—  
 a-a-a cannot accuse him of sparing 'em.  
 And I, I, I don't know whether ultimately he  
 will be of any use to the theatre ; for egad, he  
 bawls so loud, that the public need go no  
 farther than to the pastry-cooks in Russel-  
 court, and buy a penny tart, and they may  
 hear him as well as if they were in the or-  
 chestra ; for he makes the welkin roar again.  
 But a-a-a don't you think, my Lord, that  
 that there is a-a-a kind of a-a bawl ?”

“ What, you have discovered that he bel-  
 lows ?—You have found that he roars ?—You  
 have noted that he bawls ? Sir, the rascal  
 bawls like a town bull. The *bull of Iason* did  
 not roar louder than he does. We always  
 called him Bull Mossop, Mossop the Bull.  
 Don't you remember, Lady Orrery, at our  
 house in the country, we always called him  
 Bull Mossop and Mossop the Bull ? But  
 independent, David, of the bull, what do you  
 think of his eye ? The eye, David, is an  
 organ entirely independent of the voice, and  
 has the power of conveying the passions with-  
 out her assistance. No man has a finer eye

than yourself, David ; nor does any one know how to use it better—Now, don't you think his eye ?——”

“ Why now, my Lord, with great submission to your accurate judgement and comprehensive mind, does not your Lordship think there is a kind of a, a, a film—a, a, a dull sort of heaviness—a-a-a blanket a, a, a, I declare—when I am on the stage with the man, I never knew where to have him.—He's always here and there.—Don't you think, my Lord, there's a kind of opacity, a, a, a ?”

“ The truth is, David, the rascal's eye is as opake as a mill-stone.—He's as blind as a miller's horse. When you meet him in the street, he'll run bump upon your nose, like that nauseous animal, the beetle. We always called him Beetle Mossop, Mossop the beetle. But independent of the bull and the beetle, David, have you any other objection ? Now his deportment ! Deportment, you know, David, is the true characteristic of a gentleman. If a man pulls off his hat, comes into a room, or even scrapes his shoes at the door, you can always discover whether he has the

polish of one of us—Now don't you think his deportment is ?—is ?—”

“ Why now, my Lord, I, a-a-a.”

“ I know very well what you are going to say, David. You will tell me, that it has always been contended by theatrical polemics, whether figure may not be dispensed with in an actor of real genius ? Why, I confess, that a man of sense and feeling, with a tolerable person, will please a judicious audience much better than a blockhead with grace and beauty. But to fill completely the idea raised in the mind by the poet, every youthful personage that is eminent in the drama should possess those exterior pulchritudinal requisites that, at sight, conciliate respect and esteem. Sir, it augments our interest in the misery or happiness in the character, and renders sympathy more exquisite in its influence. Now, David, don't you think his figure and deportment is—?”

“ Why, I declare, my Lord, that as to his deportment, I, a-a-a grant you, he is tall and upright enough. But, with great submission, don't you think there is a kind of an, an, an

awkwardness? A vulgarity, a, a, a I don't know how—We have in our theatres, fencing-masters, dancing-masters, and, ecod! drill serjeants. But they were never able to make any thing of him—There's a kind of a stiffness about him, that a-a-a

“ I confess, David, that the rascal is as stiff as a poker. We always called him Poker Mossop, Mossop the Poker. But, independent of the poker, David, have you any other objections? Now, his memory, David? I believe in this particular we shall unite. His memory is wonderfully tenacious. Should perchance a lapse happen, which is not surprising, when the actor's mental repository is surcharged with such abundant matters—I say, should a lapse happen, he instantly corrects it by his wonderful power of reminiscence.”

“ Why, upon my honour, my Lord, were his memory what your Lordship describes it to have been in Ireland, he must have forgotten to have brought it over with him to London; for here the prompter is obliged to repeat to him every sentence. Hopkins, my

prompter, is obliged to split it and give it him in two parts—So that a-a-a——”

“What, your penetration has observed, that his head runs out? Upon my soul it will hold nothing. It has as many holes in it as a cabbage net. It is perforated as a cullender. We always called him Cullender Mossop, Mossop the Cullender. But have you any other objection, David, independent of the bull, the beetle, the poker, and the cullender? Now, his disposition—his temper? However the beauties of his person may be inferior to the Antinous, the suavity of his manners will recommend him as a model for the sweetness of his temper—Such a wax-like, yielding disposition, that you may mould him into any form.”

“Why—why—a-a-a, now, my Lord, I must oppose you in the most pointed manner; for of all the most hardened, headstrong, obstinate, unmanageable animals, I ever dealt with in my life, he is the worst; he—e, e, e, e, is the most untractable, the most stubborn, and the most wrong-headed—I never knew any one instance of his inclination to follow my wishes.

If I advised him to dress a character plain, why he would come on the stage like that ginger-bread king, Tiddy Doll. If at other times it was necessary to recommend courtly splendour in his attire, and vivacity in manner, he would come on the stage as prim and demure as a quaker—In fact, he was the most obstinate—”

“ Why the truth is, David, he was as obstinate as a pig, and had more of that animal’s pertinacity than any man I ever knew in my life. We always called him Pig Mossop, Mossop the Pig. My Lady Orrery, don’t you remember, at our house in the country, we always called him Pig Mossop, and Mossop the Pig? But independent of the bull, the beetle, the poker, the cullender, and the pig, have you any other objections? But, odso, ’tis near two o’clock. Lady Orrery, we shall be late home. Well, David, we have both remarked, with equal candour, upon his beauties and his imperfections. And I dare say, it gives you equal pain with myself, to find fault where there are so many beauties. But you very well know, David, that the parterre

would be soon over-run, were the weeds suffered to remain, lest the act of removing them should lacerate the flowers. To be sure, David, he has been most terribly mauled in the newspapers. But, indeed, what the newspapers say is nothing more than smook—the fume of the day, the dense elastic vapour arising from the burning of a jaundiced mind, or an hungry stomach. Sir, I compare those infernal diurnal critics to an ass in a flower-garden. They trample down the rose and the lily while searching for their favourite bitter bite—the thistle. They contemplate génius as common people do an eclipse of the sun through a piece of smoaked glass. The beauty and splendour of its orb are all lost to them, and they see nothing but the dark spot in it. But notwithstanding those spots, David, I dare say you will agree with me, that he is the only actor now living, except yourself, to revive the drooping blossoms of the stage. And, although he does not possess that ethereal fire, which hastened you to such unparalleled celebrity, he must always maintain the superiority over such as are in general indebted

for their situation to mere voice, figure, or accident. Come 'along, Lady Orrery—David, I wish you a good night."

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The utterance of many public speakers has been enervated and spoiled in their younger years. At home and at school they have been erroneously tutored. They were, perhaps, told that it was not pretty—it was not genteel to breathe too strongly, to roar out their words, and bellow like a clown: it was enough to frighten a person. Others, on the contrary, have been taught to roar always in alt, instead of speaking with a well-tempered cadence and modulation. This latter tuition is generally given to children in these words, "Hold up your head, and speak out like a man."

Thus the first is taught to speak always in piano, and to fritter away the natural sounds of genuine language and passion with a mincing speech and a twittering modulation, like a nestling sparrow, or an emasculated

Italian singer. Mama observes this as a monstrous perfection in her darling son; and exclaims :

“ He’s *waastly* improved—a surprising child—he only wants a little French to make him as accomplished as any of the family.”

“ What is the consequence? His voice, as he grows up, retains the same effeminacy. And when he discovers the difference between his own delicate pipe and the manly speech of others, whose parents have had the good sense to correct, instead of perverting nature, he associates only with the ladies or lady-like part of his sex. Finding their company most suitable to his delicate habits and correspondent voice, he employs his whole time in cards, scandal, and the fashions.

This remark is illustrated by the following conversation, which lately happened, at a card table, between

Billy Gentle,  
 Jackey Diddle,  
 Sir Simon Simper,  
 and  
 Lord Softly.

These delicate gentlemen, being engaged at a whist party, had a dispute respecting an odd trick, which ruffled the quiescent temper of Billy Gentle to such a violent degree, that, for the first time, he burst out with,

“Jackey Diddle, you flung away the game.”

“No, Sir, it was you.”

“Lord Softly, why didn’t you rough the diamond?”

“Mr. Simper, why didn’t you lead the honour?”

“Sir, it was not the play.”

“Pardon me, Mr. Gentle!”

“Pardon me, Mr. Diddle!”

“But, Mr. Gentle!”

“But, Mr. Diddle!—you provoke me to——I could scratch your eyes out—human nature can’t bear it. Do you know what Hoyle says?”

“If A and B are against C and D, and the game nine all—A and B have won three tricks—C and D four tricks. C leads his suit, D puts up the king, then returns the

suit. A passes, C puts up the queen—B roughs the next.”

In this mincing manner is every subject handled by those pretty gentle creatures, who adorn themselves to attack ladies' hearts, and who are promoted to places in the service of the ladies, in proportion to their respective delicate merits and manners, as tea-cup carriers, fan bearers, and snuff-box holders. They smile and they simper, they ogle and they admire every lady, and every lady alike. And they copy the manners of a lady so closely, that naturalists have disputed whether they ought to be classed among males or females. They are therefore set aside, as being of the doubtful gender.

Let this effeminate education be banished from our land. Assume the noble spirit of the Roman tutors, who accustomed their youthful pupils to the most hardy and robust exercises. Their early years were devoted to the art of speaking and the art of war. Both were exerted with the same unrestrained ardour and intrepid boldness. It was this mode

of education which made them conquerors in the senate and the field. Inspired with such energetic principles, they made even their judges tremble. The Roman Regulus, pleading to return a victim to Carthaginian rage, for the cause of personal integrity and patriotic honour, overpowered every heart by a torrent of eloquence resistless as the thunder-bolt, and rapid as the lightning.

Bad habits are more easily prevented in youth than removed in the adult. When the organs of speech are tender and flexible, they may be moulded as we please. Utterance, at this period, may be corrected and improved so as to render the speech capable of every beauty that constitutes chiefly the charms of eloquence. And as the voice is then formed, so it generally remains through our existence.

I have known children sent to school as early as at two years old, under the pretence of *their being out of the way* of disturbing papa and mama. The necessity of consulting the abilities of their instructor is then thought of no consequence.

Passing the door of one of those prattling

seminaries, I stopt to hear a child spell the word Birmingham. Little miss was beginning to spell it very properly, as B I R M—Birm ; I N G—ing—Birming. But here the good old Abecedarian skrewed up er alphabetical face, and, with all the consequence of a school mistress, she pronounced,

“ Come hither, Miss Twig, and mind what I say to you. The word is Brumidgeum. Now mind—B I R M, Brum—I N G, idge, Brumidg—H A M, um, Brumidgeum.”

This specimen of scholarship evinced, that this teacher of alphabets was as ignorant as a common sailor, who pretended to teach Geography. He had a tolerable idea of the compass, and the motion of the earth. But when he met with the words—Celestial and Terrestrial, the Frigid and the Torrid Zone,—he used to say to his scholar,

“ Oh, skip that over—that’s Latin, my boys.”

Children having a strong propensity to imitate what they hear, their servants, nurses, or companions should never be allowed to speak to them in a hurrying or imperfect manner.

They should carefully expose the absurdity of miscalling and perverting words which is, by too many, reduced into a fashion; for there is a fashion in words and phrases, as well as in dress and manners, which changes about annually. Within a few years, every thing has been *immensely* great and *immensely* little. Miss Tippet, from the cloisters, could not drink tea with Master Parchment, at White Conduit House, unless it was an *immense* fine day; yet probably it might rain so *immensely*, there was no going without the *immense* expence of a coach. Next we *hummed* and *humbugged* upon every occasion; the Gazetteer *humbugged* us into a war, and the French *humbugged* us into a peace. After this, every thing was the *barber*; if even a *chimney-sweeper* ran against a decent person, it was the *barber*. The *barber* presently turned into a shaver from St. James's to Wapping. Then every thing was a *hobby-horse*, or a *bore*—whether a man was fond of hunting or drinking, shooting, or gaming, it was all a *hobby-horse*. The last fashionable phrase was, *that's your sort*, which suited all sorts and

sizes of mankind. But the characteristic name which prevailed lately was the title of a beau, who was said to be *quite the go*.

As a specimen of his character, please to accept the following.

His conversation being half French and English, is as ridiculously singular as his dress. It is a sort of pye-balled language, as in these terms :

“ Oh ! My *Beau Garçon*. *Comment vous portez vous ?* ‘ I am quite *charmé* to see you. *Mon Dieu*, what has become of you these hundred years ? *Mon cher ami*, I’m just arrived from Tunbridge. “ Tunbridge ? Is it possible ? *Diable, quelle affaire* could keep a person of your *politesse* there so long ? ” “ My faith, Jack, since you must be acquainted with *la vérité* of this matter, for I know you are a fellow of that *savoir vivre* and *esprit*, that ’tis in vain to use any *finesse* with you. You must know *cette petite drolesse*, that little toad, Charlotte, who, *entre nous*, has such a *tendre* for me—Oh ’tis a *charmante* little devil ! She has a long *suite* of admirers too, both of person and fortune—but a little

*derangée* or so—*N'importe!* I shall certainly carry the day and crown my *conquêtes* over the sex with this *chef d'œuvre*. I dined a few days ago at Sir Simon Slide's; by the bye, we had a *cotillion* or two in the evening; moves *gracieusement*, my Lady Slide. *He bien!* there was present, Sir Simon Slide, *Madame* and *Mademoiselle* Ogle, her niece. The girl is *passable*. I hope, for her sake, she is not deeply *amoureuse* of my attractions. But, *a-propos*, Sir Simon called on me for a toast *sans façon*. I gave a *filles de joie*. Her Ladyship was *enragé*. The niece, covered with her *mauvaise honte*, blushed a perfect *rouge*. Sir Simon laughed a *gorge déployée*. I passed it off with my usual *bronze*, and sung her Ladyship a *petite vaudeville*, which soon brought her into *bonne humeur*. Miss Ogle retired. Sir Simon gave me an *occasion* of inviting her Ladyship to take a *promenade* by sinking fast asleep in his elbow chair; so, silently wishing him a *bon repos*, we loitered to one of the alcoves, and there *mon cher ami*; but that is none of your *affaire*. But a *bocage* is certainly, my dear Jack, a place where a

man of *bon gout* may taste *chere entiere*—tho' he should get into a *fracas* the next morning with *Monsieur le Maire*, the husband, and be run through for the *bonne bouche* of her Ladyship."

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The passion for studying French has, for many years, raged almost to madness; although I will be bold to say—that our native language is far superior—both with respect to its learned and elegant works and its own peculiar excellencies.

The Hebrew has been called the most *emphatical* language, the Greek the most *lofty*, the Latin the most *majestic*, the Italian the *softest*, the Spanish the *noblest*, and the French the *politest*.

In the *English* are happily united the *emphatical* of the Hebrew, the *sublime* of the Greek, the *majestic* of the Latin, the *softness* of the Italian, the *nobleness* of the Spanish, and the *politeness* of the French, without being so *confined* as the Hebrew, so *irregular* as the Greek, so *unequal* as the Latin, so *effeminate* as the Italian, so *precise* as the Spanish, or so *volatile* as the French.

I mean not to depreciate those languages. I think they ought to be studied, and the Latin, at least, to be understood by every gentleman. But whatever foreign languages are learned—and the more are acquired, the better, a facility, clearness, and elegance of expression should be particularly attained.

And here it may be remarked, that the English language derives its excellence from being composed of the select beauties of every other. This has caused many envious foreigners to say that it was a composition of the most heterogeneous principles, and a medley of languages. It may, however, be stated that it has peculiarities truly singular and whimsical.

It has a word possessing all the five vowels in their successive order, as—**FACETIOUS**.

It has another of seven syllables, and no more than one vowel—**INDIVISIBILITY**.

There is also a sentence of nine words, and only one vowel in the whole sentence:—

Persevere ye perfect men,  
Ever keep these precepts ten.

There is also an English word of five syllables, from which, should one be taken, there remains *no syllable*—MONOSYLLABLE.

In another word, which is only one syllable, to which, if you add another, you make it shorter.—SHORT, SHORTER.

Every class of mankind, speaking one native tongue, have yet a language peculiar to themselves.

The Quack-doctor will tell you that a Petit Maitre was mad, from an *obstruction* in the *cerebrum* and *medulla oblongata*; that his blood and spirits were too *volatile*, which required a slender and weak *regimen*, with repeated bleedings in small quantities; that emetics should not be spared with frequent *cathartics*, being careful, at the same time, to keep him from fire, from the *frigid particles* of the *circumambient* air, which pressing on the *perspiratory ducts*, would *coagulate* the *juices* and cause a *cadaverosity*.

The Lawyer said that the Doctor had opened matters—had opened matters—that he had opened matters—opened matters which his evidence could not support—which his evidence could not support, maintain, protect,

justify, or defend—justify and defend—that he should file an information against *said Doctor*, and prove *him* to be *non compos*; facts assured him that the said Doctor's affidavit would not be valid, and a *commission of lunacy* would be immediately *issued* out against him, the *said Doctor*; that in the case in point, it was *scandalum magnatum* to impeach the *Petit Maitres*, who were the most numerous, useful, elegant, and innocent body of people in the kingdom; and his clients—and his clients—and he should, therefore, endeavour to recover damages of *said Doctor* in *such a manner*—and *so forth*, *likewise*, and *whereby*, *forasmuch*, and *also* as might *nevertheless* appear *notwithstanding*.

Having said so much of eloquence, let us bestow a few minutes on the power of music; for as Shakespeare says—

The man that hath no music in himself,  
Nor is not moved with the concord of sweet sounds,  
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;  
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,  
And his affections dark as Erebus;  
Let no such man be trusted.

The science of music, which, from the time of Jubal, the father of such as perform on the harp and organ, down to the immortal Orpheus, and from him to the perhaps no less immortal Handel, has ever been considered with the highest esteem; and most deservedly, since it is productive not only of the highest entertainment—but also the most beneficial effects. What can sooner quiet the cries of the infant than the simple melody of [*sings to the tune of Welcome, welcome, brother debtor*] Bye, bye, bye. [*Child cries.*] Hushy, hushy, my pretty dear—Oh you, bye, bye, bye, &c. And a harsh recitative will as effectually deter them as a good whipping for a naughty trick.

It being customary to have instrumental music at our meals, what can please an Englishman better, at such a time, than—

“ Lumps of pudding”—and

“ The roast beef of Old England ?”

But that I may not confine the science to the infant or the glutton; what makes business go on better than music?

A mechanic therefore, in choosing a tune, should be careful not to make such a mistake as a taylor did the last general mourning; to make work go on briskly, he tuned up his pipes, beat time with his shears, and sung, with all the judgment he possessed, the much-admired song of—

“ Rule Britannia, Britannia rule the waves,”

which was regularly and continually echoed by his journeymen—

“ For Britons never will be slaves.”

The slowness of that loyal tune, ill-according with the rapid whip of the needle, and the smart clip of the shears, so retarded the work, that had not one of the men observed, that slow singing and quick working were two incompatible movements, and introduced—

“ Of all the girls in our town,

“ The black, the fair, the red, the brown,

“ That prance and dance it up and down,

“ There's none like Nancy Dawson.”

and kicked poor Britannia out of the shop, the taylor would have gone into mourning instead of his customers.

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Being on the subject of music, we may apply a story of one Darby Logan, the celebrated bull-maker, who, when he heard the observation made by Pope, that an actor should invariably make the sound an echo to the sense, exclaimed—"Ough, boo, boo, boderation to your sound and your sense, and your sense and your sound, and your sensible echos too. Ough, if *you* want a sensible echo, commend *me* to the little lake of Killarney in the County of Kerry; for there is a *musical echo*, and a *whysical echo*, and, by my soul, some people call it *Doctor Echo*.

"Now suppose you stand on one side of the Lake, and call out, 'What's good for the belly-ach?' He'll immediately answer and say, 'Shut your mouth and keep your guts warm.' Now commend me to an echo like that, that if you ask him a civil question,

will return you a civil answer. And if he would not answer a Jontilman, O' my conscience, but I'd let him gabble away by himself for an hour together; for the devil a word would I exchange with him good, bad; or indifferent.

“ Ough,” says Darby, “ I was once in the land of Roast Beef and Plumb Pudding; and I have made a sort of a kind of a composition upon my peregrinations, which I'll give to you—and if you like it, you are as welcome to it as the flowers in May; though I'm as proud of the performance as the little piper was, when he played the children of Israel over the Red Sea to the tune of ‘ Over the water to Charley.’—[*Here sing the song of*———

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There are some actors for whom no name is bad enough. I believe we must distinguish such by the appellation of BUTCHERS OF BLANK VERSE; for they *stick their knives* into the skirts of Melpomene.

I remember to have seen one of these gentlemen cutting up, in a most inhuman manner, the part of King Lear. It was the passage, where the good old King is greatly incensed against his amiable daughter Cordelia; and the honest Kent interposes as her defender and advocate. This butcher of an actor should have said—

“Peace, Kent! come not between a dragon and his wrath;

For, by the sacred sun and solemn night,

I here disclaim all my paternal care,

And, from this minute, tear her from my heart,

And hold her as an alien to my blood and favour.”

But when he came to the word in the last line, which contains the letters ALIEN, and not knowing their meaning, he, instead of saying, he would tear her from his heart, and hold her as an alien to his blood and favour, said, he would *tear* out her heart like a LION. This, you will allow, was the most savage of butchery.

The same hero personated the next night, the Duke, in Venice Preserv'd; and where he should have told the Captain, the Con-

spirators must all go to prison, and there remain until judgement was passed on them, he said, the Conspirators must all *go to goal, and wait until the day of judgement.*

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And I have seen the representative of the Royal Bajazet so bellow and bluster at his Conqueror, Tamerlane, who, it should be known, was four feet nothing without his shoes, and the latter so chirp and chuckle at him, that you might justly call the one a *Tragedy Bell Wether*, and the other a *Tragedy Bantam Cock*.

I humbly conceive, that when his Conqueror, Tamerlane, orders him to be liberated, there can be no necessity for out-Heroding Herod; and that his Sublime Highness must have displayed the spirit of his royalty without deviating from his royalty, by addressing him in the following manner:

“ Ha! say’st thou—No—our prophet’s vengeance  
blast me  
If thou shalt buy my friendship with thy empire!

Damnation on thee, thou smooth, fawning talker;  
 Give me my chains again, that I may curse thee  
 And gratify my rage!"

But this was the manner of his sputtering  
 out his revenge on his Conqueror—[*Imitating  
 him in burlesque.*]

"Ha! sayst thou, &c.

Cocky Tamerlane *chuckled* his answer in the  
 following manner:

"Virtue still does with scorn the mercenary world  
 regard,

Where abject souls do good and hope reward:

Above the worthless trophies men can raise,

She seeks not honour, wealth, nor any praise,

But with herself herself the Goddess pays."

[*Imitates the crowing of a cock.*

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I have now to present you with a science  
 of Gossiping, which happened soon after the  
 birth of a celebrated dramatic character.

Unworthy would it be to register this gossiping had not the meeting been so particularly famous for the metaphysical conversation which they, for the first time, started in English, concerning abstruse and occult points, predicaments, qualities, essentials, and immaterialities, relative to ideas, contact, resistance, modes of the mind, habits of the body, rules of government, errors of administration, defects in religious worship, inequalities of rewards and punishments, hell, happiness, Doctors Commons, faith, perjury, simony, heresy, adultery, accidents of matter, and spiritual essences.

Piece-meal have these subjects been retailed even unto this day, in every coffee-house, tavern, punch-house, ale-house, eating-house, and night-cellar, unless the more interesting vocations of politics, strumpeting, or gambling, have employed the good company's attention.

*First Gossip.*.]—Indeed, madam, you say true—and I must own that, after my first child, I loved to see the hens lay eggs; for I was told they would produce chickens. This

caused a doubt to arise in my mind—whether the yolk or the egg-shell was made first. If the shell was made first, how came the yolk in it? And if the yolk was made first, how came the shell over it?

*Second Gossip.*]—That, madam, is one of the most curious questions in the world. The first who *ax'd* me this question, was the parson of our parish; and as I couldn't tell, I made my husband send it to the *Rial Society*, who'll soon tell us all about it.

Now, ladies, I want sadly a question to be resolved which our vestry has lately divided about—that is, whether still-born infants have any sins to answer for?

*First Gossip.*]—To my knowledge, madam, this is much disputed by the clergy, who have not yet decided upon the matter; although it is as clear as noon day, that poor infants, who could never speak, can have nothing to answer for.

*All.*]—Oh, to be sure, quite right, quite right, indeed.

*Third Gossip.*]—Pray, ladies, don't you take fate to be a free agent?

*Fourth Gossip.*.]—To be sure, madam: whatever may be a lady's fate, yet she is a free agent; for suppose I was fated to marry a certain person whom I could not *relish*, it is at my *upshot* whether I would act or no; and so fate is a free agent.

But a gentleman who lodges with me, told me but yesterday, that fate and free agency were like king and commons; that the mind was the monarch, and the will was the people. So I told him, that whatever his mind was, he could not have his will of me without I had a mind.

*All.*.]—Oh, no, to be sure, no, to be sure!

*First Gossip.*.]—Now, ladies, let me ask you, as Adam was never born like other people, whose mothers have been with child, and brought to bed of 'em, had he a wet or a dry nurse?

*All.*.]—Neither, to be sure; for we don't read of suckling being at all the fashion in those days.

*Third Gossip.*.]—My brother, you know ladies, is so great a writer, that he might have been *poet larum* song writer to the Rial Family

had he not disoblged my husband and all his friends, by intending to publish a book to prove how far free will acts upon the loadstone; and he says he don't doubt but he'll get a *penshum* for it.

Mrs. Murdock, the nurse, then began an ethic discourse to ascertain the place of Satan's territories, or where hell-fire was. She affirmed it was in the middle of the sun. But Madam Celery asserted it was in the middle of the earth.

*Miss Shred, a systemist.*]—I suppose there are several hells, and every comet contains one.

*Jenny Douglas.*]—I have to quote the bible.

*Mrs. Murdock.*]—The bible, my dear, we philosophers think beneath our consideration; for there are so many religious opinions, so many books about it, and so many disputes, and so many sorts of preachers, that a true philosopher can believe nothing that is said by such as make all their religion consist in perpetually contradicting each other.

*First Gossip.*]—O fie, madam—are not all the preachers Christians?

*Mrs. Murdock.*.]—No, madam.—Why some are presbyterians, and some are methodists—and some——

*Miss Shred.*.]—As to methodists, Madam Murdock, you must excuse me; for methodists are the only Christians; for they are regenerated, and none can be a sincere Christian without regeneration; but there are a great many people in the world of no religion.—I did not mention your name, Mrs. Murdock.

*Murdock.*.]—And if you had, I should think it better to be of no religion than to profess a false one. How shamefully parents use their children: the poor innocents are soused over head and ears, or else they are circumcised, or else made quakers, or else one thing done to them or else another—and so they are bound 'prentice to this or that religion without ever knowing which they could like. And that makes such different opinions and disputes in the world; for it don't signify whether they were made Jews or Christians; for you see Jews behave as Christians and Christians as Jews, in defiance of all their religion. So the least said is soonest mended.

There are some men that may be called manufacturers of thunder and lightning. I knew one of these characters, who, in devoting his time to electrical experiments, one day dislocated the neck of a child of two years and a half old. Another time, he frightened three old women out of their senses, under the pretence of curing them of the tooth ach.

Such was his skill and rapid improvements in this fire-creating art, that he had the confidence to expect that, by grinding a little air between a glass globe and a bag of sand, he should be able to make artificial lightning, which he could bottle or put into casks, for the purchase of any foreign governor, who might want a tempest, or a tornado, when suddenly required to settle his accounts. This, he thought, would be a matter of the greatest importance to our government, who might purchase it of him much cheaper than they could possibly make their common ammunition. The other day he produced a clap of thunder, accompanied by a flash of lightning, that blew out a candle, and melted a

pat of butter. From this success, he had not the least doubt that, when the weather was a little warmer, he should be able to melt all the pewter in his kitchen, and break his largest pier glass in the dining-room. For, according to his calculation, it was then powerful enough to kill a child ; so that he was confident of a ball, four times the diameter of that which he had at present, killing a man in perfect health and vigour, which would be a considerable saving of what was yearly expended for doctors and apothecaries.

Apothecary ! a propos ! there are secrets in all trades—but the Pharmacial secret, I believe, was not discovered until lately, and that by the following means :

A young gentleman, whose father had given a considerable premium with him as an apprentice fee to a very celebrated Apothecary, having served five years of his time, was impatient to know the secrets as well as the drudgery of the profession.

His master going out one morning, the young gentleman said, “ Sir, I should be glad to have five minutes conversation with

you.”—“ Is it any thing particular, Mr. Brooks ? ”—“ If you will oblige me, I shall be thankful, Sir. ”—“ Well, what is it ? ”—“ I have served now, Sir, five years of my time ; I think it, therefore, necessary you should teach me the secrets of the art. ”—“ Secrets ! What secrets ? ”—“ The secret, Sir, of the art of an Apothecary, which, by my indenture, you are bound to teach me. ”—“ Egad, I don’t know any secrets, but what you already possess. I never had a young gentleman, I confess, more attentive, or more critical in mixing medicines, than you are. ”—“ Oh, Sir, I can certainly mix medicines according to a prescription ; but I think I ought to attend you in your morning visits to your patients, that I might be enabled, when a physician is not to be had, to prescribe myself. ”

“ You are right, Mr. Brooks—put on your hat, and attend me this morning. ” Going together, the first patient they visited was an old man. The apothecary felt his pulse—“ Good God ! Lack a day ! lack a day ! Good God ! dear me !—Why, good woman,

what have you given your husband since I was here yesterday?"—"Nothing at all, Sir."—

"Nothing at all? Good God!—Dear me! dear me! Lack a day! lack a day! Why you have been giving your husband *oysters*."

"No, indeed, Sir,"—"Pooh, pooh! don't tell me—I say he has been eating oysters."—

"Sir, I did not give him above three or four."—"Look ye there! I told you so!

I knew he had been eating oysters. I cannot answer for the consequences. But, however,

give me pen, ink, and paper.——There,

Mr. Brooks, mix that draught, bring it yourself, and see the man take it. And do you

hear, good woman! never give your husband any thing but what I order."—"No, Sir."

The doctor and his apprentice were no sooner out of the house than the young gentleman said—"Pray, Sir—I am all impa-

tience! How could you tell—this, Sir, is the very soul of the secret I want to know; I

say, Sir, how could you tell, by feeling the man's pulse only, that he had been eating

*oysters*?" The Apothecary, after a significant pause, replied—"How could I tell?—

Why I'll tell you—when I went into the room, I *cast my eye* under the bed and saw some oyster shells."

The young gentleman bowed and said, "Sir, I'll give you no farther trouble on this subject. I am now perfectly master of the secret." He then went home and made up the medicine, and took it to the patient. But when he came there, the man was dead. Returning to his master, "Sir," said he, "the patient's dead!"—"Dear me! dear me! Good God! Lack a day! But I did not think the oysters would have killed him."—"Sir, the oysters did not kill him."—"No?"—"No, Sir; he has been killed by a *horse*."—"A horse? Good God! dear me! Lack a day! lack a day! Why how the devil could a horse get into his bed chamber?"—"Sir, he has been eating a horse."—"Eating a horse?"—"Yes, Sir; I saw the bridle and saddle under the bed."

To this pharmacial story, I must add a veterinary one. A country farrier, who could just read, and was fond of repeating what he did not understand, had a horse brought to

him by a poor farmer. The animal had a disease which no person of the village where the farmer lived could understand. The farmer, therefore, was so impatient to know if the farrier himself could tell his complaint, that he thus addressed the veterinarian :—" Now, maister Anvil, I know thou beest main knowing in horse affairs, do tell me what's the matter with my poor mare Molly, for no parson in our village can tell." The farrier immediately proceeded to examine her wind, her eyes, her nostrils, her legs, and her feet; which being done, he thus addressed the farmer :—" Why, maister Haycock, I don't wonder you nor none in your village could tell what ails the beast; for you never heard, nor they neither, I am sartin', of such a disorder before. Why she's got what the French call the *Honi soiti qui malli pansi*. Did you—now tell me farmer—did you ever hear of the like before?"—" No, indeed, maister Anvil."—" Honey sweats in Molly's paunch!"—" Lord bless my poor mare; how could she get honey in her *paunch*? Ecod, very likely she has been eating a bee-hive! Well, maister,

you'll do what you can for the poor beast, and I'll call on you next market day." He did so, and asked the farrier if he had taken the honey out of her paunch? But how was he disappointed when he heard the farrier say, "Thy mare, farmer, is dead."—"I thought so," replied the farmer; "I thought the honey would kill her."—"No," said the farrier, "I cured her of that; but not three hours after, she was taken with a mortal disease."—"What was that?" said the farmer.—"Why," answered Anvil, "you don't know if I tell you—it was what we call, in Latin, the *Vivante Rex ette Regine*; she went stone dead."

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Many say that inattention often causes an actor's monotony; or that it proceeds from a defective ear. But may it not be owing to a defect in the voice itself? I am, at least, assured that a misformation of the passages through which the speech is uttered, will sometimes occasion the above mentioned mo-

notony. A glutinous lisp will also bird-line the actor's tongue so as to render his speech similar to that of a person talking with his mouth full of plumbs. I have heard two performers in Otway's Tragedy of the Orphan, so *gabble* and *chuckle* at each other, that they could be compared to nothing in nature except a couple of *Turkey pouts*.

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Many are desirous of shewing their talents as actors, and others as mere *nomenclators*. One of these have been known to call the prophet, *Habakuck—Huckaback*; the old Assyrian king, *Sennacherib—old Snatch-a-crab*; and the divine Physician, *Esculapius—a Scabby-Louse*.

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It is remarkable that the profession of a Strolling-Player should be so attractive and fascinating. It is as unaccountable as a man of fashion and fortune preferring the profession of a beggar, diseased and ragged, to health, a clean shirt, and a guinea. This

strange penchant induced Bamfylde Moore Carew to become a Gipsej, as well as a young gentleman of flattering expectations to join a company of Strolling-Players, at Foot's-Cray, in Kent. The whole company consisted only of two young men, myself and Mr. Quick, (now of such well-earned celebrity,) an old man and his wife, with one eye, their crooked daughter, a scabby-headed boy, and a Jack Ass. And I must do the company the justice to say, that our theatrical forces were reckoned the best disciplined of any in the county. This is no mean reputc to have acquired; for Kent has been ever distinguished as the residence of tolerable comedians. Naturalists have observed, that turnips and Attornies thrive best in Norfolk; that roads and smugglers distinguish Sussex; and that it is as impracticable to eradicate bugs from London, as to free Kent from hop-pickers, gipsies, and strolling-p'ayers.

The young gentleman to whom I before alluded, repaired to this our very respectable company: it was remarked soon after, by the audience, that Mr. Quick's and my linen appeared whiter than usual, and that we had

left off chalking our stockings. The fact was, the young gentleman had brought with him an excellent supply of shirts and stockings. And Quick's and my wardrobe being so scanty that when a clean shirt fell to our lot, from the indulgence of our washerwoman, we shared it between us, hot and hot. If it served me for the play, it supplied Quick for the farce, and vice-versa. So that our two shirts, the black and the white one, in the true style of a stroller, were continually shifting the scene. A continuation of bad success, reduced even the young gentleman to a level with ourselves. One shirt each was all our boast. But, being all friendly, the three shirts were continually dancing the hays, *off* and *on* each other's back, and *in* and *out* at the pawnbrokers. But still the company were not to be disbanded by adversity. It was not those fearful phantoms of hunger, bad shoes, bum-bailiffs, rainy weather, no trust, an empty coal-hole, a frowning landlord, or a scolding landlady, could dissolve us.

Our little theatre was fitted up in an old stable, with one stage box, and that was the

body of an old post chaise. An adjoining brewhouse served for the green room, where we all dressed. The manager and his family occupied the mash-tub, while the rest of the company, consisting of myself, the young squire, the crusty headed boy, and Quick, my little Alexander the Great, found each an excellent dressing place in the cooler. The roof of the building was so very low, that a beam went across the centre of the stage, which was very serviceable to Quick, when he could not restrain his propensity to laughter; even in his favourite part of the love-sick Romeo, or his all-conquering Alexander the Great. When the ridiculousness of his situation affected his risible muscles, he retreated a little behind the beam, so as completely to prevent his face, at these moments, being seen. His head being thus cut off from the sight of his auditors, the beam would, in these days, have been not improperly termed the theatrical guillotine. After his risible fit was over, he would bounce, strut, and make his exit in proper style. But, unluckily, one night he was un-

able to secure in time his accustomed retreat behind the beam, when an involuntary fit of laughter, while he was performing Romeo, subjected him to the severe rebuke of his auditors. It happened in the scene of Romeo and the Apothecary, who going for the phial of poison, found it broken. Not to detain the scene, he snatched, in a hurry, a pot of soft pomatum. Quick was no sooner presented with it, than he fell into a most convulsive fit of laughter. But being soon recalled to a sense of his duty, by the reproofs of the audience, he came forward and made the following whimsical apology:—"Ladies and gentlemen, I could not resist the idea that struck me when the pot of pomatum, instead of the phial of poison, was presented. Had he, at the same time, given me a teaspoon, it would not have been so improper; for the poison might have been made up as a lenitive electuary. But if you please, ladies and gentlemen, we'll begin the scene again, without laughing."

To qualify the representations of Tragedy and Comedy to make people laugh and cry,

I humbly conceive there is no necessity for purchasing a diploma or to take out a bachelor's degree.

The stage, I have frequently observed, has been, as the phrase is, *struck at* with the very illiberal severity of wild fanatics and sour cynics. But if actors are *struck at*, it must be allowed there are a many *striking* actors. As an instance, the following is adduced.

Jack Sly is passionately fond of a play, and talks of nothing but Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, or his favourite Ben; while John Bull, who is as fond of boxing, talks of nothing so much as Johnson and Big Ben. These two meeting at a barber's shop, where they had often met before, began a conversation upon their favourite topics. Jack Sly commenced, with informing the barber's customers in waiting, that he had been at the Battle of Hastings in Covent Garden. "What battle?" says Bull. "The Battle of Hastings," said the other; "where I was *struck* in such a manner as, upon my soul, I was never so struck before."—"Why! who *struck* you?" asked Bull.—"Why, Mr. Pope, the trage-

dian, and very forcibly too," answered the other. "What does the man mean?" said the Philo-pugilist. "What do I mean!" re-echoed Sly—"Why I mean that I was struck at the battle of Hastings by Pope, of Covent Garden." "What, did Pope of Covent Garden strike you?" "Yes, and very forcibly too." "And you put up with it! Well, had he been the Pope of Rome, and had *struck* me, dam-me, but I would have *struck* him again."

There was John Bull in perfection, displaying his native spirit and disdain of being struck by any person.

But, however we may applaud the spirit which an Englishman has ever shewn against the indignity of a blow, yet we cannot but condemn the encouragement that is given to pugilists, who fight for interest, and without the least motive for resentment. Conscious of the impropriety of such a practice, I am induced to submit the following respecting

## BOXING.

However reluctantly I may bring forward

such subjects as are an indignity to any exhibition, that has the smallest pretension to taste, elegance and refinement, I cannot omit noticing Boxing, which is a disgrace to the times, and a marked reproach to civilized manners. To see a vile contention between low cunning and vulgar strength in the persons of two human brutes, degrades the human character. And the respectability of the country is equally tarnished by the public prints being filled with the ferocious eloquence of bravoës, in despite of the laws that should preserve the civil decencies and decorums of society. It is, therefore, to be lamented, that the subjects of any country should be suffered to debase their natures with an unprovoked ferocity unknown to the tyger or hyena. But what is the credit of his country to one who has *a mind for a little fun*? Black eyes, bloody noses, and punches in the bread-basket are now sports almost for ladies. But to proceed to an example :

One of these maimers of the human carcase will professionally tell you, *Upon his*

*honour, and as he's a genelman, he'll teach you the art of defence the first bout, by only keeping you out of company for a week—and, the second bout, he'll teach you the offensive, by only sending you to bed for a fortnight—that is, by beating you until you are not fit to be seen; and, in the third, he'll turn you out a complete boxer; or, to speak more fashionably—a complete pugilist, provided he's not so unfortunate as to kill you by breaking a blood vessel.*

These fellows are trained, like game cocks, to deal mischief to their opponents. The only difference between them is, that the instinctive courage of the feathered tribe is aggravated by brutal man into madness. And that skill and strength, which in man should never be used, unprovoked, to the annoyance of another, is irritated and encouraged to such a height of false courage, that, were it not for shame, would be shaken at every blow. Or else, why do they, according to their own phrase, *give out*?—Why confess themselves conquered? Why do they not fight to the last gasp? Oh disgrace! indelible disgrace! that a game cock should have

more courage than a boxer ! I shall close this subject by the following story :

A British sailor, a character naturally averse to unnecessary fighting, was provoked by one of these professional human carcase-butchers or boxers, until he could no longer endure it with patience. He agreed, therefore, to *fight it out*. Some of his companions procured ropes, and fixed the two combatants at such a distance as prevented either from running away, shifting, or falling down. This was done in despite of the man of science, who said—such a practice was foul, and contrary to all the laws of Boxing. The boxer, being thus deprived of trick and shift, was obliged to depend more upon his strength than his art ; he was soon therefore obliged to yield to the superior prowess of his antagonist, who, on his yielding, cried out—“ Here ! unship that lubber there !—Damme ! but I wish we had a hundred or two such on board the *Terrible*, were they only to stuff the netting.”

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But of all the extraordinary characters with which this country abounds, that of the Quack Doctor is the most strange, outré, whimsical, and ridiculous. This has caused some of our most famous story-tellers to be saluted with the title of Doctor, whenever they enter a room full of company by whom they are known. They derive this distinction from telling a story of the above medicinal personage. They are commonly received by their acquaintances with "Ah Doctor!—How do you do, Doctor? Now, now, we shall have the Quack Doctor in style. His story being thus preluded, he rises up and begins:—

" Gentlemen,

" I beg leave to inform you, that I am the very celebrated *Doctor Puff Stuff Sham* QUIRK'EM TO AUGFU, Physician to the sole Governor of the Earth, the most magnanimous and puissant *Chou Khan, Emperor of China*. I am *Professor of Magic, Physic, Surgery, and Anatomy* in the University of Pekin; *Oculist* and *Dentifricator* to all the *Monarchs* of the *East*; *Manmidwife* to the *Empress Pinka Panka*, and

Member of every Medical Society throughout the vast Empires of China, Persia, Turkey, and Indostan.

“ I have enjoyed these high honours in my native country, and was chief favourite and counsellor to the Emperor. But being converted to Christianity by Lord Macartney in his late embassy, I was obliged to escape in an open boat, in which, after a long and perilous voyage, I arrived at Capa Bona de Esperanza, the Cape of Good Hope, from whence I took shipping for England.

“ This may be considered, Gentlemen, as the most fortunate event that ever happened to Europe ; for you must know, that I have brought with me the following unparalleled, inestimable, and never-before-discovered secrets.

“ First. My most surprising Balsam, called *Paramandelang Ratskiammum* from *Whangwaghgang*, situated thirty degrees South of the South Pole. This wonderful of all wonderful balsams, if only rubbed for five minutes on the gums, will cause a new set of teeth to

sprout up, like mushrooms in a hot-bed, to the amazement of all beholders.

“ I have also invented a machine, which will extract the whole entire old set of teeth in the tenth part of a moment, without the patient feeling the operation, or knowing his loss.

“ Secondly. I perform the most astonishing operations upon the eye ; and I have a certificate under the hand and seal of his Siamese Majesty, who, having lost his sight by cataracts in each eye, sent an embassy to China for the Emperor, to permit my visiting him at Siam. On my arrival, I, with most unparalleled skill, extracted both of his Majesty's eyes, and then, anointing the empty sockets with a particular glutinous application, I dexterously inserted a pair of eyes taken out of the head of a living lion. I thus not only restored his Majesty's vision, but bestowed on him such a ferocity of countenance, as makes him most terrible to all his enemies.

“ I beg leave to observe, that my patients may have the choice of the eyes of different

animals, so as to best suit their faces and professions.

The soldier may be furnished with the eyes of a *lion*, a *tyger*, or *panther*; the lover with those of a *spaniel* or *goat*; and such persons as are obliged to work much at night, I can furnish with *cat's eyes*, which will enable them to see in the dark as well as by day-light. I also give a considerable price for sound human eyes, which I extract without the blow of a pugilist, or any other pain to the seller.

“ Thirdly. I have an illustrious ointment, called *Syang, Yang, Ching, Quey Ischenumencow*, prepared from the quintessence of a humming-bird's marrow : this superlative medicine was discovered by Li Laokum, who lived five thousand years before the Mosaic creation, and from whom, I am in a right line, descended. This ointment, applied to the stump of a leg or an arm, will cause immediately a regeneration of the parts which have been destroyed. Thus shall the patient have, in five days, as perfect a foot or hand, as he had before the amputation.

“ Fourthly. I have a restorative root, which contributed so greatly to the population of the Chinese Empire, that, by its constant use, the Empress Pinka Panka, though eighty years old, continued to bring forth children when I left China. I attended her in her last labour, when she was delivered of seven living children, and each was as large as any European when new born ; and all this was effected without her Sublime Highness having a single pain. The method of use is peculiar to myself.

“ I have brought over the method of bandaging, by which the Chinese Ladies confine their feet to that beautiful smallness, so as to be scarcely equal to the great toe nail of any Russian, Austrian, Hungarian, or Muscovian princess.

“ It is unnecessary for me to descant any longer on my own merit ; all impartial people must be convinced of my being the most profound philosopher and physician, and the most exalted genius that the world ever produced.”

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Pope says—

“ ’Tis not enough no harshness gives offence ;  
The sound should be an echo to the sense.

\* \* \* \* \*

When Ajax strives some rock’s vast weight to throw,  
The line too labours, and the words move slow.”

If it be not enough that no harshness gives offence, how must the ear be tortured by our modern tragedy-chaunter—pipers, trumpeting out their words as Mrs. Tabitha Bramble aptly calls it, “ *quite cockloftical and high poppity mountain.*” For instance—

In the tent scene of King Richard, where he comes forth shuddering with guilt and horror—the awful stillness of the night added to a conscience incessantly reminding him of his cruelties, I conceive any man in his senses, would speak it as nearly this way as possible.

“ ’Tis now the dead of night, and half the world  
Is in a lonely solemn darkness hung ;  
How awful is this gloom ! and hark from camp to  
camp

The hum of either army stilly sounds,  
 That the fix'd centinels almost receive  
 The secret whispers of each other's watch."

But how contrary to common sense, and how dissonant to a correct ear, must be the same lines bawled out in a high *trumpeting* tone of voice, as——

[*Burlesquing Smith's monotony.*

" 'Tis now the dead," &c.

The actor, who spoke it in this manner, could not have heightened and concluded the burlesque more than by crying——

" Past twelve o'clock, and a cloudy morning "

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Mr. Murphy has very properly observed, that men of genius have no patrons now as in former times.

Horace had his Mæcenas, Virgil his Pollio, and Martial his Domitian. But now the man of genius is left to perish in a garret. But introduce a fellow that can sing a song,

write a dull political pamphlet, or roar a catch, and he shall spend six weeks in the country by invitation. A man of genius was the other day accosted, abruptly, in his garret, by the footman of Sir Minnikin Pinfly, who pretended to be his Mæcenas. "Sir, you must come to our house this moment." Great People are to be obeyed implicitly; for PASSIVE OBEDIENCE is elected FOOT-STOOL-MAKER to LADY FASHION. Away he went with the servant, running, trotting, walking, panting, and almost breathless arrived at the place of his patron.

The footman announcing, that the man who made books was below, his honour said, "Very well; let him wait;" which he did about three hours before he had the happiness of a command to attend there next morning. This command was delivered by the most respectable personage himself, who condescended to give him that order *viva voce*, while the man of genius stood bowing at his chariot door before he pulled the glass up.

It is, however, necessary to make some apology for Sir Minikin's seeming contemp-

tuous manner, which was owing to his having too great a regard for the arts and sciences. He had with him, at that moment, an artist from Siberia, who had met with the celebrated *tooth* and *pinion* scheme of Mr. Jonathan Swift, for making verses mechanically. He had improved upon the hint, and constructed an engine for the universal erudition of mankind, respecting the *arts* and *sciences*.

This piece of mechanism being just imported, was brought to Sir Minikin for his patronage, just as the footman was announcing the arrival of the genius or book-maker. Sir Minikin saw at once its amazing utility, and cried out, Bravo, before one wheel went about. By this very extraordinary machine, the whole circle of sciences was taught by the new discovered principle of *intuition*. In half an hour's time, the purchaser became an universal master of arts, as easily as pretty Miss can grind a tune upon the hand-organ.

This piece of wonderful mechanism being very dear, it could not be purchased by any

but persons of fortune. It therefore kept the knowledge of every art and science within the circle of what is called the *polite world*. And as every thing is estimated by its worth, and as the worth of any thing is only what it will sell for at market, and as none but rich people can afford to buy every thing, and as every thing a man buys is his own—only those of estate, family, title, or pension, can be said to possess the arts and sciences, as purchased by this miracle of mechanism.

It has, according to the fashion, a Greek name: for instance, we have—The *Panorama*, or View of London—Mr. Clagget's Musical Instruments—The *Teleochordon*—The *Aicuton*—Mr. Walker's *Eiduranion*—Lutherborough's *Eidophusicon*—The Filtering Stone is nominated The *Apolepsia Alexicacon*—and this instrument is called—The

TECHNICATHOLICAUTOMATOPANTOPPIDON,

OR,

*The Clock-Work School-Master.*

It was therefore esteemed as the most immensely convenient and elegant piece of furniture.

The Technicatholicautomatopantoppidon would teach grown people of fashion to be persons of reading and taste while their hair was dressing. One objection was made to the engine, which was, that it could not be so proper a thing to vent the spleen of the irascible upon as a living creature. Because it is the ultimatum of taste among the very best bred, to behave rudely to those ingenious persons who have only their own merit to recommend them ; and more especially should the artist, by the misconduct of his parents, and cruel decree of providence, be *born in England*.

The reason of men of genius being so seldom rewarded, cherished, encouraged, or patronized, by men of fortune, is, because men of fortune don't understand genius. To be a man of fashion they think is the excellence of perfection; or they would not lavish such large sums for the encouragement of grooms, gamblers, and prostitutes, when so many works of personal and public utility become abortive for the want of their attention and encouragement. Is it not a shame that

so noble a nation as England, which is renowned throughout the world for arts and arms, that the most distinguished characters for title, fortune, and consequence, should set no better example than exhausting their constitutions and their fortunes in an eternal round of visits, cards, auctions, foreign fidlers, and ballad singers.

It has been said that every person must be a scoundrel, a liar, pitiful, illiterate, damned, contemptible, despicable, filthy, fulsome, horrid, vile, vulgar, base, odious, and *one of the mob*, or the *swinish multitude*, who is not a person of fortune, fashion, or family.

The following is an instance of that contemptuous behaviour with which unworthy wretches think they have a right to insult *modest merit*. It is a conversation between a man of fortune who had been a tea dealer, and an author of unassumed but real talents improved and embellished by a liberal education.

*Caddy*.—"And so, Sir, you have—got—a—heigho—(*Yawns*)—have got a play, Sir. Pray, Sir, where was you bred up, pray?"

*Author.*—" At Leyden, Sir."

*Caddy.*—" At Leyden ? What among the Dutch ? Droll enough !—Faith, a fine place to make plays in.—Butter, cheese, and Holland's gin, are three fine ingredients for poetry, ha, ha, ha—I suppose all the ladies in your piece are Dutch *frows*. Yes, damn me ! I'll hold fifty on't—and all the fine gentlemen, *Mynheer* Love Makers, who, if they quarrel, instead of drawing their swords, go to *snicker-de-snee* with one another."

A lady who was present said,—“ My dear, Mr. Caddy, I am ashamed of you. How can you shock a gentleman so ?”

*Caddy.*—" Shock the gentleman ! No faith ! He knows too much of the world for that. And I keep company with the best writers in England. Sure, my dear, I must know how to behave to authors. Well, Sir, and so at Leyden, you say—I suppose you studied the oriental sciences there ?”

*Author.*—" The oriental languages, Sir ?”

*Caddy.*—No, Sir, I mean the oriental sciences. I believe I am too much acquainted with both sciences and languages. I read um

all and every one, from the tutonic down to old *Homer's Talemachus*, his *ill-lad* and *odd Essays*, and all his *Oddities*."

*Lady*.—"Upon my honour, Mr. Caddy, you have had a vast iddication."

*Caddy*.—"No, faith—I never read much, 'pon honour; I was rather a buck at school. But I had a quicker way of study, I believe, than any other fellow ever had in the world.—But a—Mr. Author—and so—don't you never write songs?"

*Author*.—"Sometimes, Sir."

*Caddy*.—"O, aye, there's nothing so easy as writing your summer season ballads for the public places of amusement—Astley's, Sadler's Wells, and the Circus; for all the merit is just making the name jingle at the termination of each stanza, such as

Kitty Downs

and

Ods Zounds,

Miss Apple

and

Two Couple.

Polly Savage

and

Red Cabbage.

Lovely Miss Harriot

and

Old Judas Iscariot.

Nothing you see so easy. Yes, yes, master Trusler has made that perfectly easy. Come, Sir, sing us one of your songs to this lady?"

*Author.*—"Indeed, Sir, I cannot sing."

*Caddy.*—"Not sing!—but I insist on it, to oblige the lady.—Now we'll have some fun. We'll make him expose himself."

*Lady.*—"For heaven's sake, Mr. Caddy, don't ask him. See how disconsolate he looks. It really shocks me."

*Caddy.*—"Well, now you shall have a droll scene, my dear. And so, Sir, I suppose you live by writing?"

*Author.*—"I endeavour to maintain myself and family, Sir, by every exertion of my small capacity, that honesty and industry will warrant."

*Caddy.*—"And pray, Sir, what can you get a year by writing?"

*Author.*—"As to that, Sir—"

*Caddy.*—"Ay, as to that, Sir—Oh, mum, a word to the wise is enough. You are not willing to confess, lest I should want to borrow a cool hundred of you. Why, Sir, my credit is pretty good. And if you

were to lend me a cool thousand, I'd give you four and an eighth for it. I suppose, Sir, you are too conversant with the stocks to be ignorant of what that is a year?"

*Lady.*—"Dear, Mr. Caddy, you are very wrong, and barbarously absurd—you see he turns pale and red every minute. Indeed you have hurt him too much."

*Caddy.*—"Well, mum, then.—"I suppose, Sir, in your play, you have been critically exact in preserving the unities. I suppose you have seen what *Harry Stottle* and *Bess Hugh* say upon the subject? for that's what I blame Shakespeare for; the fellow had a fine knack at metaphor to be sure, but he never understood the unities. 'Tis a pity he had not been a scholar, and could have read what *Harry Stottle* and *Bess Hugh* say."

*Author.*—"Aristotle, Sir, to the best of my remembrance, says——"

*Caddy.*—"Ay, ay, I know as well as you do what——But that's nothing to the purpose now—what either *Harry Stottle*, or his brother, the stagyrite, says; I speak how things should be *done*. Damn it! there's nobody—

but gentlemen—can write or judge of writing. I wish it was not quite so damn'd scandalous to be either an author or a scholar. There are, indeed, about twelve of us that could restore the drama to that original purity in which the divine Plato, the preceptor of Socrates and Plautus, says the stage ought to be preserved."

*Author.*—"Under favour, Sir; I did not think Plato was much attached to dramatic poetry, any more than he was to Homer, whom I can't think he uses with much liberality."

*Caddy.*—"What, doesn't Plato use Homer well? That's false! Mr. Author, you must allow me to tell you—I beg pardon—but I know better—Plato is the best friend Homer ever had."

*Author.*—"But I mean, Sir, that Plato who was disciple to Socrates."

*Caddy.*—"Pho, pho! Mr. Author, we ain't to be humm'd so, neither! You're devilishly out. There never was but one Plato, and he taught Socrates all he *know'd*; and if you have a mind to a bett, you shall have

your sum on't. This Plato, my dear lady, was *cotempore* with the first *primitive fathers*."

*Lady*.—"Pray, Mr. Caddy, were the *prime five fathers* poets or play-writers?"

*Caddy*.—"No, no, madam; they were what *was* called Christian Philosophers, in opposition to the Heathen Philosophers. And this Socrates we have been talking of, he was burned for his religion, because he turned Christian."

*Lady*.—"Let me perish, Mr. Caddy, if your memory isn't astonishing. I shall be jealous lest your having so much learning in your head should prevent your thinking of me."

*Caddy*.—"Never, by all that's soft, I swear." Upon which he kissed the lady, and turned to the author with a look of self-complacency, as if he would have said—what would you give could you do so? "I suppose, Mr. Author, that you must have heard of Sophocles and Empedocles?"

*Author*.—"Yes, Sir."

*Caddy*.—"I read all their works at college, but their Tragedies and Comedies. And

though I never looked into them since, I only wish I had a hundred on't—that I couldn't say 'em all by *heart*, without missing an apostrophe. And I suppose you have heard of Terence, and Euripedes, and Lucan's true history? Swift stole every line of Gulliver from him, to my knowledge."

*Lady.*—"Well, this conversation is to me immensely agreeable. My dear Caddy, you are the most surprising creature——"

*Caddy.*—"My soul's affection, I do believe—nay, without vanity, I'm sure on't, that had I a mind to't, I could have made a greater figure as a writer or a scholar than any one of um all. But I was always above such slovenly, pedantic notions; authors are very well, when a man has a mind to make a lady a present of a song, or *an arristocrostick*. Why then such fellows are useful; because they take the trouble of composing these things off a gentleman's hands; and books—why now and then of a rainy day, are well enough; but, at other times, they are damn'd low, dull stuff;—but I beg your pardon, Mr. Author, I had forgot you was here. I'll

puzzle him—I'll throw a dab of Latin at him [*aside to the Lady*—You remember Horace his advice about discipline—

Qui mihi dicipulus puer es cupis atque doceri.

*Author.*—"I beg, Sir, your pardon—but that is not in Horace."

*Caddy.*—"Not in Horace! That's a fine hum, indeed. Not Horace! Why, what the devil, sure I know Horace a little better than you. I thought I should find you out—Why, doesn't he go on and say—

"Hoc ades huc amino concupidictis tuo."

Up he started, looked in the pier-glass, and stroked his eye-brows gently. The Lady at that instant, standing with her back to him, said to the Gentleman, "Sir, this Gentleman is a prodigious scholar, and you must submit to him in these things, I assure you." The author perceived the Lady was winking at him while she said the above; but he could not possibly give up Horace to *Qui Mihi.*

Emboldened by the Lady's signal, he told him, that perhaps as Gentlemen were not obliged to read so much as authors were, his memory might not be——

*Caddy*.—"O damn it, Sir, as to that, I have a better memory than any man in England; and those two lines are Horace's, and I'll bett you fifty on't. Out he pulled a green purse, seemingly full of money; which, in his eagerness to enforce his learning, he let fall upon the table, and broke a cup and saucer belonging to a set of French china, that had been presented to the lady by a former lover, and which she told the Gentleman, she would not have had destroyed for five hundred pounds. A strange scene of altercation ensued. Reproaches rose high between them, until the gallant swore several of the most horrid oaths profaneness could suggest—that he would never speak to her again.—He then hurried out of the room, flinging the door after him as violently, as if, like Sampson, he would have shaken the house about their ears.

The Lady, with a look expressive of the

most delicate sensibility, made the author every apology in her power. She offered him Caddy's full purse, which he had left on the table, as a small recompence for the supercilious treatment he had received. But the poor author's mind, not labouring with the epidemic contagion of self-interest, but burning with the fever of contempt, rejected the Peruvian dross with every grateful sense of the Lady's goodness. He could not but spurn what, when possessed by the ignorant, insolent, and unworthy, is held as the barometer and substitute of every virtue and talent.

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There are some performers, who are ever studying to take an audience by surprise with introducing what they call *some new stroke of acting*. And it must be allowed some have successfully raised their celebrity by such endeavours. It is, however, strange, that in this enlightened age, any mode of acting contrary to the directions of the immortal bard,

Shakespeare, should ever succeed. "Suit the action to the word," &c. *ad libitum*.

An actor at Edinburgh was remarkably attached to this new mode of acting. Hamlet being performed for a charity benefit, and the stage crouded by all ranks and descriptions, he, as the hero, on the appearance of the ghost, made his tragedy start, struck off his hat in a most pantomimical manner, and began in the usual way—

"Angels and ministers of grace defend us."

A Scotch pedlar, standing just behind him, took up his hat, saying—"Hoot awa mon! donna fash your noddle!—but keep your bonnet on your heed; for gin he bee your faither's spirit, the de'el a my saul mon, he wou'd na wish you to get cold, Sir."

This so disconcerted the poor actor, that, instead of addressing the ghost, as he should have done, he turned about and fixed his eyes upon the pedlar—and continued—

"Be thou a spirit or goblin damn'd," &c.

"Damn your gooblines!" said Sawney; "to the reeght about, mon, and mind your business; for gin ye make a gooblin or a deel a me, the de'el dom my saul, but I'll crack your croon."

Thus was the most beautiful passage of the play, and the pleasure of the whole entertainment destroyed by *a new stroke of acting.*

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It must be well known to the company present, that in the reign of Charles the Second, all the heroines in tragedy and comedy were represented by four or five young fellows. And, strange as it may appear, it is not more strange than true, that about ten years ago, a company of itinerants were displaying their dramatic talents without a single female among them, at Camberwell, a village within a few miles of London.

The play was Otway's tragedy of the Orphan; and, I believe, it would be difficult to say, whether the fair Monimia, or her sweetly-smiling sister-in-law, the gentle Se-

rina, was the most lusty, strapping, raw-boned fellow. After affecting all her airs and graces with every soft and moving female gesture, Monimia broke out—with a voice only fit for the monster in the Tempest—

“ Why was I born with all my sex’s softness ?  
My gentle nature bears not the beating of a storm  
So rude—Castalio—Oh Castalio has undone me !  
And my soft soul shall ne’er have comfort more.”

---

“ If I am not ashamed of my soldiers,” says old Jack Falstaff describing his tatterdemallion troop, “ I’m a sous’d gurnet.” And, I believe, many a commander of a theatric troop may, with the greatest propriety, say the same ; for the service is not only disgraced by young recruits, who never were sent to drill, but there are even veterans, who, having beat the march through many a tough campaign, deserve to be punished for neglect of duty.

There was a veteran in the Norwich company, a very eccentric character, who was a

tolerable classical scholar. So proud was he of his literary attainments, that he embraced every opportunity of displaying his learning; but, to his shame, he never perfectly learnt any of his parts. He had formerly been a bombardier in the train of artillery, which caused him to adopt, on all occasions, when he was deficient in his character, the phrase of "Blow me out of the world!"

As he was one evening walking in the part of the Earl of Richmond with all his train, where he should have said—

"Thus far into the bowels of the land," &c.

But his words were—"Thus far into the bowels of the *earth*—I say I have got thus far into the bowels of the earth—but—but—Blow me out of the world, if I can get an inch further."

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Falstaff having given the following dissertation upon *Honour*,

“ Well, honour pricks me on,” &c. &c. &c.

induces me to observe the operation of honour on the gambler and the thief.

The Duellists, like Jobson at Blindman's Buff, laying about them slap dash, North, East, West, South on every point of the compass, cause honour to answer to *all points*, and, therefore, *all make a point of honour*.

Any man, who has visited Tennis Courts, Billiard Rooms, Horse Racing, Whist Clubs, Skittle Grounds, and Hazard Tables, will find that it is one of Honour's points to make it a *point of honour* in the loser to demand his money again, under the pretence of its having been won unfairly. And it is also a point of honour in the winner refusing to return it. Thus, those honourable Gamblers are agitated and stimulated to cut each other's throats, which is the dernier resort among these gentry for the preservation of their honour. But this is not to be greatly lamented as it prevents many of them from being compelled—by the verdict of an honest Jury, to *drop their honour* at the drop of Newgate. To those

who conceive they have received such injuries as will admit of no other atonement than the dreadful alternative of killing or being killed, I would recommend the following observation of a madman—"Let your enemies alone, and they'll die of themselves."

It has been observed, that no place in or out of Christendom possesses so much honour as the City and suburbs of London. To prove that London is the plenum of honour, what man or woman can you meet with that will not declare themselves to be people of honour? Who can you converse with, that will not asseverate all they say with a pledge of their honour?

The Turks, having no idea of honour or knowledge of duelling, must be less civilized than Christians; that custom of killing in defence of honour is only practised where the gospel is taught; and yet it must be known, that no vice is more deprecated by the tenets of the said gospel than such savage brutality.

There is a part of Christendom, where the

people preserve a superior species of honour. In Spain, this honour is carried into the Inquisition, where they rack, stab, and poison, and all for their honour, and the glory of their Maker.

The French are not much bigotted to matrimonial or religious honour. But they have such romantic ideas of glory, that they prefer it to limbs, life, and good government. In the madness of their honour, they have deluged their unhappy country with blood and devastation; they have taken from all religion, and given nothing in return but the miserable hope of eternal sleep.

May such honour sleep eternally, never to wake again!

I shall endeavour to remove the melancholy idea of this French honour by the following whimsical anecdote.

(Magrah Monaghan, of Connaught, dined one day with Terence O'Hara, in the Queen's County. Monaghan was every inch of him a gentleman, and scorned to do a dirty thing. But as necessity and honour are ever at seesaw with all gentlemen of no fortunes, it hap-

pened, at that instant, Need was uppermost, and gave an impelling or propelling quality to some of Mr. Magrah's muscles.

Astronomers, or rather astrologers, are not clear enough in their accounts for us to ascertain, which of the planetary influences predominated, so as to cause a silver spoon, before grace after meat was said, to gravitate into Mr. Magrah Monaghan's pocket. Did we presume to astrological calculation, we might conjecture it was Mercury, who has the character of being the aider, abettor, and patron of thieving. However this may be, the spoon was missed, and his host very mildly taking his guest aside, whispered him—

“ My dear, will you be after telling me any thing of the spoon ? ”

*Magrah.*—“ Is it the spoon you mean ? The devil burn me into tinder-ashes, Terence, if I *know no more* of your spoon than St. Patrick.”

*Terence.*—“ Well, but don't you at all at all ? ”

*Magrah.*—“ Why then, by the contents of this (catching up the mustard-pot as if it had been the Bible) I don't—Would you now be thinking I'd be telling you a lye ? ”

Terence.—“ But upon *your honour* don't you ? ”

Magrab.—“ My honour!—By Jasus, there's (taking the spoon from his pocket) the vagabond spoon again! and I'll tell you one thing, Terence, and that ain't two, I wouldn't forfeit my honour for all the spoons in the county of Christendom.”

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In adverting to the world at large, we find that the fool is played as frequently off as on the stage. As an instance—Suppose Simon Snuffle or Solomon Snort offered himself as a candidate for the clerkship of a certain parish. Being desirous of giving a specimen of his abilities, he presents the parishioners with the following extraordinary proof of his reading and writing at the same time, which he declares he made *extrumperry* on the occasion—and all of his own *exposing*.

“ The Philistines—Sampson's enemies,  
Cut off his hair, and then pegg'd out his eyes!  
But David did revenge his cause,  
More than himself did do with asses jaws;  
For with a stone no bigger than a button,  
He knock'd down great Goliath dead as mutton ! ”

Another of the *Sol Fa* gentry, who seemed to use his nose more than his mouth, without the least regarding the punctuation, was scrupulously attentive to stopping at the end of a line, although it was in the middle of a sentence. As for example—

The following lines, although they form two in the column of the Psalter, should certainly be read prosaically as one.

“ He soon will come, and he will not keep silence but speak out.

This he read as follows—

“ He soon will come, and he will not,  
Keep silence, but speak out.”

---

This is similar to a clergyman, who, being requested to solicit the prayers of the congregation in the following words—

“ A man going to sea, his wife desires the prayers of this congregation ;” said instead —“ A man going to see his wife, desires the prayers of this congregation.”

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Another of these imperfect gentry had to finish the play of *All for Love*, or the *World well Lost*, in the character of *Serapian*. The situation of the stage was, Mark Antony on the one side of him, and Cleopatra on the other; he should have said,

“ Now future fame posterity shall tell,  
No couple liv'd so happy—died so well.”

But he came forward, hitching up his small cloaths in his usual way—and, wiping his nose with the back of his hand, said—“ Now fame shall tell posterity—posterity shall tell fame—that fame shall tell posterity.”

Down dropt the curtain, and thus ended the play.

The same gentleman came forward to give out the play for the next evening. It being *by particular desire* for the *benefit* of the box-keeper, and the last night of performing in Camberwell this season; which he did as follows.

“ Ladies and Gentlemen—above and below—to-morrow evening—no! that's a lie!

to morrow's Sunday—on Monday evening will be performed the celebrated *Comedy* of, of, of—the *Tragedy* of, of, of—no! the *Opera*—*Opera*—*Opera* of, of—the play—the play of, of, of—the play bills to-morrow will let you know all about it.

“To which will be added, the *Farce* of the *Pantomime*—of the—the *Entertainment*—of what's to be done after the play; being *by desire* of the *Boxkeeper*, and for the *benefit* of the *last season*.”

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### POLITICAL CLUB.

IN describing a political club, I shall endeavour to personify the characters of a Baker, a Butcher, a Barber, a Taylor, a Grocer, an Inn-keeper, a Perfumer, and a Chelsea Pensioner, who were all lately deeply engaged in giving their sentiments of the state of the nation.

The first who began was *Bobby Raspall*, the *Baker*. He said, “In my opinion, the

nation is *undone*, like a once baked biscuit ; and if the people don't keep *tally* with Mr. Pitt, they are all *cakes*."

*Ben Knucklebone*, the *Butcher*, observed—  
 " May I never go to market again, if I don't think we are all a parcel of *calves*, or else we should petition the minister to *knock down* all forestalling before we were all *cut up* and laid out as *dead as mutton*."

*Neddy Lather'em*, the *Barber*, stated—" I am sure the nation was never so *much in the suds* as at present. But I suppose Billy Pitt means to engross all the trade of barbering himself, or else he would not, under the pretence of *powdering the hair*, *shave so closely* all his Majesty's subjects."

*Tim Fit'em*, the *Taylor*, said,—“ Well, now, I do declare, that I think the nation is now come to the *fag-end* of its consequence. O that I had some of her leading ones here, I'd *trim* their *jackets* with such a *busting* as they never had before. I'd teach 'em to take away the taylor's privilege of *cabbaging*. They should no longer fill their *bell* of a *budget* with what should feed and cloath the nation. No !

no! I'd make 'em *twist* with a good *measuring* until I had *suitied* them to their heart's content."

*Bob Souchong*, the *Tea-dealer and Grocer*, differed from all the rest. He observed—  
 "Now I think our ministers are the best and wisest of men. Don't you think the fragrant odours of tea are much more wholesome and pleasant than the intoxicating fumes of tobacco?"

"No!" exclaimed *Sam Shortcut*, "for tobacco has saved the lives of thousands, whom tea would, otherwise, have destroyed. But you don't care a *fig* about the nation, so you can get a *plumb*. But I'll have a rap at your *cannister*, I warrant you."

"No difference among gentlemen," cried *Tom Larder*, the *Inn-keeper*. "But, hear me. I compares the nation to a broad-wheeled waggon. Now, isn't it, as how, very possible for this waggon to be over-loaded, and so break down? No! you'll say, not if it has an iron axle-tree. Why, you blockhead, won't iron and steel wear out? Well, but however, if it won't break down, isn't it pos-

sible, from the neglect of the driver, it may tumble into a *Pit*? Now, how are you, in that case, to get it out of this *Pit*? You don't know—I know you don't know; for if you did, you'd be as cunning as a *Fox*."

*Matty Mareschal*, the *Perfumer*, being more deeply affected by the powder tax than any Barber could possibly be, could not avoid giving his sentiments on the present occasion. "I think," said he, "the nation was never so *dressed* as it has been since Pitt taxed the use of powder. What could be his antipathy to our white and brown powder? They never killed, like his battle powder, thousands by thousands. If he had meant to have served his country, he would have taxed the use of gun-powder, which would have saved, not only the money—but the lives of the people."

"Hold, hold," said a Chelsea veteran. "What! tax gun-powder? Honour and glory forbid! No! let us have gun-powder free, while we have a soldier or a sailor to use it in defence of his country."

I have frequently heard a man harangue for several minutes with great good sense, and in words well chosen, and worthy to be read, and reduced to writing. But all this excellence was lost upon the generality of his auditors, who were disgusted by his insipidity of manner, and his voice being strongly affected by a provincial dialect. This has convinced me of the absolute necessity there is of every person endeavouring to correct, as much as possible, whatever provincial dialect it may have been their misfortune to have contracted. If this be neglected, the best arguments, delivered with such a perversion of tone, will lose their effect, while the speaker is exposed to ridicule and laughter.

A speech delivered in a strong northern dialect, will sufficiently evince the truth of this assertion. I shall, therefore, proceed to my example, by giving a short panegyric on the art and science of eloquence, in the true Scots style.

“ The topic I presume to haundle, is the mirawculous gifts of an orator, wha, by the bare power of his words, leads men, women,

and bairns, as he lists; and first, for the antiquity of the art, ken ye, wha was the first orator? Mayhap ye think it was Tully, the Latinist? Nae such thing—ye are wide o'th'mark; or Demosthenes the Greek? In gude troth ye are as far off as before. Wha was it then? It was een that arch cheeld the deevil himself. Ye ken weel how Adam and Eve were planted in Eden with plenty o'bannocks and cail, and aw that they wished; but were prohibited the eating of pepins, upon which, what does me, the orator, Satan, but he whispers a soft speech in her lug; egad, our granam, Eve, fell-to in an instant, and eat a pepin without staying to pare it. Ken ye, wha was the first orator now?"

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Pronouncing words entirely different from their spelling, in conformity to the native dialect of the speaker, is such a shameful abuse of language as should always be discouraged. And a person attempting to address an audience with such a dialect as just recited, will

appear almost as ridiculous as the fool who cut off a fellow's head that lay asleep, and then waited to hear what he would say when he awoke and missed it; or as laughable as the poor lame *dancing-master*, who thought himself particularly entitled to the encouragement of the public in his profession, for no other reason than his having lost *a leg*: the town pitied his misfortune, while they laughed at the absurdity of Mr. Caper's expectations; which afforded no little entertainment to the groaners and the grinners. And thus it is, that some cry while others laugh at the times. Old people praise the time past, which they neglected to use when they might. Young people look forward with anxious care to the time to come, neglecting the present. Indeed almost every person treats the present time as some folks do their wives—with indifference, in order to possess their affections more securely.

As I mean not to confine my observations to one particular dialect, and resolving to divest myself of partiality, I shall now present you with the oratory of a *Cockney*.

“ As I vas going along, thinking of no-thing at all, I thought as how as I heard a face and saw a woice that I knew, and it vas Mr. Spriggins; and Mr. Spriggins said as how *werily* he did think that *weal* was better eating than *wenson*. To be sure *weal* is very good in its kind.—But, Mr. Spriggins, says I, gi’ me *wenson*—gi’ me *wenson*, says I, Mr. Spriggins; for my part, I’m *wastly* fond of *wenson*; for *what* can be *more betterer*, or *more properer*, Eh? I *wow* its the *wery* best of *whittles*, isn’t it, eh?—and for a man *for to come*, *for to go*, *for to say as how weal vas betterer than wenson*, is certainly *wery* monstrous, and *woid* of all reason; isn’t it, eh? He might as vell say, *wice* ought to be *walued* above *wirtue*, or that *vawnuts* could be pickled without *winegar*. Mightn’t he, eh? I *axt* him, says I, d’ye think *vine* is’nt better than *vater*? I *axt* him, says I, d’ye think *cowcomers* good without inyons?—and so he giv’d me *sich out-of-the-vay answers*, that I told him, says I, Mr. Spriggins, you *werily* deserve to be pelted with *brick-bracks*, and rolled in the kindle, says I, till you are as black as a chimney-

sweeper, says I, as a *wawning* for *windicating* sich an *eupinion*. I vas right, vasn't I, eh?— And so then he *tawked* about *sumat* about being *scrowdg'd* and *squeedg'd* by a mob in the *Vitspn* week, and *this here* and *that there*, and things of *that there* kind; and so he *vanted* me to *fetch* a *vaulk* as far as the PH's in *Common Garden*. But, says I, Mr. Spriggins, says I, you are a *wile*, *vorthless*, *wapid feller*, says I, and 'so I don't *vant* no more *conversations*, says I, *with* a person that don't know common sense, and that is as ignorant as the *wery commonist* of wretches with their *breakfastes* and *toasteses*, and running their *heads* against the *posteses*, to avoid the wild *beasteses*."

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I'm told that a member of the Quorum in Cumberland, who was the very mouth-piece of eloquence *in his own country*, when he went up to London, enquired at a shoemaker's shop in Cranbourn Alley, if he could not meet with a pair of small shoes for his little girl in the country, with *pink heels*, *pointed toes*, and

*crept straps for clasps*, which he expressed in the following provincial dialect.

“ I pray yee noo, han yee gatten any neatly, feetly shoen, poainted toen, pink'd at heel and cropped strops for clopses ? ”

“ Sir,” answered the shopkeeper, “ what's that you say ? ”

“ Why, I pray yee noo,” [*repeats as before.*]

“ The family who speaks French,” said the shoemaker, “ lives at the next door.” And so they parted, understanding one another just as well as if one came from Greenland and the other from Grand Cairo.”

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But of all the ignoramusses breathing, those in the West country exceed all belief. As a proof, I have to mention the uncommon ignorance of a collier, who had never been but once over the threshold of a door since his baptism ; and this visit was accidentally caused by a shower of rain obliging him to seek shelter there. It was in Bristol, and during the time of divine service, The heathenish

boor returning home, thus told his brother clods what he had heard and seen :

“ I have been in a place where I never was before, and where I never design to be again ; for there I zaw twelve vellows cock'd up in a sort of hay-loft, shouting and zinging away for dear life. I ax'd 'em if they had got any thing to drink there—and a zort of a dog-whipping vellow came up to me with a zwitch in his hand, and told me in a huff, I could get nothing to drink there. How dost know that ? says I—thee beest not land-lord—beest thee ? So then he took my hat off my head. Dang it, I had a great mind to a given un a douse o'th' chops, and zet un a spinning like a whirligigg. But I thought I wouldn't kick up a doust. Zo I went á little varther, and I zaw a zet of men and women penn'd up together like zo many ewes and wethers at a vair. In the middle of 'um there was a little mon lock'd up in a tub—a was, as true as I'm a living zoul of a zinner, lock'd up in a tub breast high, with a shirt as black as a coal, and a little white zlobbering bib, slit in two, and stuck under his chin. Turning up

his eyes, he prayed away to be delivered. Below there zat a little mon mocking of 'un; for whatever one said t'other said too. By and bye, the little man in a black shirt pull'd it off, and then there was another as white as a clout—and then with a twist of his wristippes, he opened the tub and came down, and took a little baby out of a woman's arms, and carried it to a zort of a hog trow, and splashed his *vace* over and over again with cold water. Dang it, thinks I, who knows where this frolick may end? Mayhap, if the maggot bites, they'll duck me too, and zo I took to my heels and scampered away. And if they do catch I within zide of a church again, I'll give 'um leave to zous and zop me o'er and o'er again."—This was all the idea a West country collier had of a church.

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I shall now proceed to a short dissertation on the anatomy of phantoms.

Rondocosto Ramlu Danesso, in his defence of preter-naturals and non-naturals, very wise-

ly tells us that there are some very famous, and what is more, very great, and what is more, very rich people, who are undetermined whether ghosts are apparitions or apparitions ghosts—whether death-watches, dreams, nightmares, witchcraft, falling stars, screech-owls, and religion, have or have not reality. To such is submitted the following *lusitoria*. Any analysis, solution, and dissection of phantoms, is recommended to be carefully studied, by out-of-pension patriots, fourth and fifth cousins to persons of fortune and quality, and all dependents on great mens' generosity, or any man's gratitude.

Suppose a Genius situated penniless in America, and ardently wishing to revisit his native home, who is it will pilot him across the Atlantic?

“ I, I, I, I will—we all will, every body will—any body will take him on board, and be glad to sail with him; for all the world will be fond of his company;—who denies it?”

“ But, pray, Sir, when the vessel comes to port, who will help him out of the ship? Who will pay the captain for his passage?”

However diverting, during the voyage, this droll fellow may have been, and whatever applauses he may have received, with invitations to every one's mess while on board, the anchor is no sooner dropped than all is forgotten.

All are then hurrying home about their respective concerns, wives, sweethearts, families, friends, acquaintances, or correspondencies. The general cry is, "Adieu, Mr. Genius—your servant, Mr. Genius—here, Tom, put these things behind the post-chaise; we are obliged to you for your good company, Mr. Genius—sorry we can't stay with you any longer.—Go on, boy. A very diverting creature that man was, my Lord." "Yes," answers the man of title, "these wits and drolls are very well for a gentleman to be entertained with, now and then, at taverns or on shipboard; but they should not be noticed publicly—for they are always poor—know nothing of the world, and are rather impertinent."

The deserted Genius, penniless, and a stranger, is left upon the beach, to make the best of his way—*where he can.*

Supposing him arrived in London, he must either prostitute his talents in vindicating villainy, or condescend to be Folly's auditor, Pride's flatterer—or a beggar.

These honourable avocations indicate that *hope* and *promise* are included in our dissertation upon phantoms.

Our Genius being driven by necessity to choose immediately his profession, turned Pension or Place Fisher, alias Political Writer.

In the political science of perspective, the point of sight, point of distance, and vanishing line, properly investigated, are as follow :

The point of sight is preferment.

The point of distance is, what length your patron will go to serve you, and what length you must go to serve him.

The vanishing line is hope.

All these, multiplied in a proper modus, form Mr. Hogarth's line of Beauty.

To return to our Genius. His understanding was clear, ripe, and strong, *id. est*, clear enough to distinguish his own interest ; ripe enough to be ready for any dirty work ; and

strong enough to counteract the bias of those beggar-making bubbles of public spirit, love, gratitude, friendship, or patriotism. He considered such as only tubs to be tossed out to the whale, which the hydra-mob ridiculously say is composed of the harmonies and symphonies of the soul.

Reflecting that he was liable to a sudden change of circumstances, either adverse or prosperous, he was always dreaming of a chariot or the pillory as particular exaltations, to which he knew authors had arisen. Indeed, he well knew, that they had been bestowed upon different persons very often for the same action. No man was, therefore, equal to him for deifying the ins, or devilizing the outs. For preferment, his pen waged war against the latter. Through the field of faction, he fought blushless for the ins. Venality crowned his temples with a brazen frontlet, and, trampling over Modesty, she led him to the shrine of SECRET SERVICES.

A Prime-Minister, who has always a number of these servants of *honour* to provide for, is obliged, when no more vacancies

can be made, to create new places. Fortunately for this Genius, the vicissitudes of the times impelled the Minister to levy new taxes; and, as the cream of all taxes, a tax was laid upon *milk*, and this Genius was accordingly made Inspector General of the Milk Office, to which the following necessary subordinates were appointed.

- 24 Tasters,
- 6 Clerks,
- 4 Porters,
- 1 Gauger,
- 1 Secretary, and
- A Deputy.

To these may be added the Company of Assistants, composed of

- 2 Apothecaries,
- 2 Dairy Women,
- 2 Experimental Philosophers,
- 1 Butter Melter,
- 2 Spectacle Makers,
- 2 Wet Nurses,
- 1 Clyster-pipe Borer, and
- 2 Curds-and-Whey Keepers.

These only added the number of fifty to the Minister's dependents. But as there was

a clause in the act to prevent the mixing of water with milk, that very nutritious food was rendered as dear in proportion as any other article of our subsistence. The Genius, it is said, is now writing a pamphlet to prove, that mare's milk may be substituted instead of cows'; that all our porter may be brewed from oatmeal; and that hore-flesh is more wholesome than roast beef.

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Ancient history relates, that Zeuxis, a celebrated painter of Heraclea, died of a fit of laughter at the sight of an old woman of his own drawing. But for people to be ready to expire with laughing at their own conceits and expressions, we have innumerable modern instances.

“ Hah ! hah ! hah ! hah ! hah !—I'll tell you what I laugh at. I said the best thing t'other day, that you ever heard, hah ! hah ! hah !—says I to my brother—only mind—Hah ! hah ! hah !—I says,” says I, “ I saw a most terrible wind yesterday”—“ Saw a wind !” says my

brother—" 'tis the first time I ever heard of a wind being seen;" Hah! ha! hah! and so, says he, Hah! hah! hah! "Pray, if you did see the wind, what was it like?" "What was it like? Hah! hah! hah!—now mind—Hah! hah! hah! "What was it like?" says I—"Aye, what was it like," says he—"Why it was like to blow my house down," says I—"Hah! hah! hah! hah! oh! oh! oh!"

These giggling, smiling, tittering, grinning, risible gentry, when in company with a man of genuine wit and humour, continually tease him to be comical. They address him in this manner—

"Come now, do tell us something droll to make us all laugh, will you? Damn it, I tell you what let's play at—To market, my Lord—will you? That's right.—I'll be my Lord—and your name shall be *Cockles*—your's *Pork Griskin*—your's *Sparrowgrass*—your's *John Dory*—and your's *Mutton Chops*, *tol der er lol te ti te te you*—Now mind—When my hat's on—I'm my Lady; and when it's off, I'm my Lord—and for every mistake, a half pint bumper, or a black face."

Having thus diverted himself for some time, and being obliged to swallow several half pints, through his frequent mistakes at the enchanting games of the

Dumb Conceit,  
To Market, my Lord,  
Questions and Commands,  
Hot Cockles,  
Alphabetical Toasts,  
Dutch Club,  
Hiding the horse,  
What's my thought like, and  
Buzz,

he is led home with his face blacked, totally insensible, and put to bed to his wife; who, viewing him the next morning, complains, and frequently gives the following hints—

Somebody,  
Some people, and  
Other people.

“ I'm sure if *some people* go on, in this manner, *somebody* will suffer for it—*Some people* never know what time to come home, and *other people* must be disturbed by *some people*

at all hours of the night—That if *some people* have no more sense than to suffer their faces to be blacked, *other people* may be ashamed of such a scandalous behaviour—and that *some people* should be glad to be informed by *somebody*—

“ Lord, my dear,” says the husband, “ it was *nobody*.”

There are no words more frequently used than

Somebody,  
Nobody,  
Any body, and  
Every body.

These terms *somebody*'s pleased to introduce very often in conversation, which offends *nobody*; and as *any body* has an undoubted right to the same, *every body* uses them.

Many frequently express themselves on several occasions in this manner—

Dev'lish handome—Dev'lish ugly,  
Hellish rich—Hellish poor,  
Dev'lish cold—Dev'lish hot,  
It freezes like hell—  
It rains like the devil!

But as the devil is not the most desirable subject, I shall leave him, and proceed to the conversation of the fair-sex.

The first claiming attention, is the Ladies of high birth and great distinction, whose conversation consists in absurdly shortening their words; thus, they say

Poz for positively, and

Plenipo for Plenipotentiary.

While, on the contrary, Lady Rachael, Lady Caroline, and Lady Betty are trespassing frequently on the confines of their native language, by making a single word answer the purpose of two. They tell us—

They *caan't*—and they *shaan't*—and they *maan't*.

But what our language loses by these *word-droppers*, plain Nan and Sal and Moll, of Billingsgate, endeavour to compensate by adding supernumerary syllables, when they talk of—

Fisheses and placeses, and running their noseses against the posteses.

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Among the various classes of oratory with which this kingdom abounds, there is one that particularly delights every merry party ; I mean Anecdote Orators.

One of these, without ever delivering a sentiment of his own, or entering into any dispute or controversy, sits in a corner of the room with his wig reversed and a steady face, silent as a quaker unmoved by the spirit of a hum-drum meeting, until the subject will admit of an anecdote, which he relates with the gravity of a Methodist.

Suppose Elections form the subject, he will tell—That

“ Puts me in mind of a circumstance, which happened at the long contested election at Bristol, of a poor Barber, who, having given his vote, incurred the malicious resentment of some of the opposite party ; for they broke all his shop-windows, and the poor fellow, being unable to pay for the glazing of them again, papered every square.

“ The next morning a sailor ran his head through one of the squares, and asked, Is the Barber at home ? The Barber running, at the

same time, his head through another of the paper squares, cried—"No—he's just gone out."

Should the town-crier give some necessary information to the public, this Anecdote-monger will tell you, that he heard a crier in a country town thus deliver himself:—

"O yes! O yes! O yes!—this is to give notice, that on Thursday last, between the hours of three and five in the afternoon, there was lost a little *black dog*, all over *large white spots*, with *long cropt ears*, a *thin bushy tail*, and answers to the name of Trip. Whoever will bring him to the Crier shall have half a guinea reward—God save the King.—I forgot to tell you he has got the mange."

The next morning a fellow meeting this puppy-hunter, asked him why he did not cry?

"I can't," says he, "my wife's dead!—beside, I'm afraid of waking her."

To give a proper explanation of Anecdote Oratory:—"I most humbly beg leave, with all proper respect—taking particular care, at the same time, to avoid all expressions that

may seem to border on prolixity, and which are diametrically opposite to conciseness, clearness, and perspicuity ; I say, with proper respect, I must inform you—hoping your good nature will excuse my running into an error which is deserving the mimic's notice and my scourge ; but as I love brevity to my heart, I shall not, as many speakers do, keep you in suspense with a tedious narration of circumstances, which, to my certain knowledge, were better omitted *in toto* than recited *ad libitum*. Therefore, as I particularly mean to come, without any perambulation, to the point at once, I must tell you the anecdote just now related, which anecdote is, by no manner of means, an anecdote similar to the Crier's anecdote, farther than its being an anecdote, or perhaps oddity and ridicule upon those who are for ever talking without saying any thing, by using phrases entirely foreign to the meaning and nature of the subject in hand of which they are speaking."

This preamble I hope, at the same time that it leads me to mention an absurdity, will be received as a satire on prolixity, by my

having used two hundred words instead of these nine,—videlicet—

The anecdote of the Crier reminds me of one. One man was saying to another, the other day, crossing a field, I saw a bull come running after me *like hell*; I ran away *like thunder*; and as I was endeavouring to get over a stile, I tore my stockings *as if heaven and earth were coming together*.

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A certain gravity of countenance considerably improves the telling of these stories. But this must not be adopted as a general rule; for it is frequently necessary to aid a humorous story with chearful looks and accordant gestures.

As much depends upon the expression as the words themselves. Whatever nature produces, art can always embellish. This caused Cicero justly to observe, that address in speaking was as highly ornamental as it was useful in private life.

How often have I seen a public speaker roll his eyes along the ceiling as if he thought himself in duty bound to take care how the flies behaved.

Another casts his eyes upon the ground, as if he were before a judge, receiving sentence of death.

The misapplication of the arms is as prevalent as that of the eyes; for I have seen a speaker pulling at the wristband of his shirt all the time he was speaking.

I have observed another diving his hand to the bottom of his pocket, as if he were in search of something.

As some speakers cannot express their sentiments with the use even of both arms, how difficult must he find it who has only one !

In such a situation I once saw an itinerant barn-door actor, who attempted the part of Richard the Third. This poor fellow had only the use of the right arm ; for the left was, unfortunately for him, withered, which he took the greatest care to place behind him, before he came on the stage, as if he dreaded it woul

embarrass the action of the other. But, every time he exerted his voice, he shook the withered arm out of its place. Thus he began :

“ Now are our bows bound with victorious wreaths,  
Our stern alarms changed to merry meetings—  
Grim-visag'd War hath smooth'd his wrinkled front.”

In this manner he went on. The audience, however they might pity the misfortune of the man, could not avoid laughing at the whimsical effect it produced in the actor.

This performer was as singular off, as he was on the stage. He greatly valued himself on an affected peculiarity of pronunciation. So nice was he in his endeavours to display the sense of his author with every critical minutiae, that he never exceeded or added either in a laugh, cry, or grunt. Whenever he vociferated, ha, ha, ha ! you might be certain he had sufficient authority from his author, whom he never injured by applying Ha, ha, ha ! for He, he, he ! A waterman rowing him across the river one day, struck up—

Bacon, beans, salt beef, and cabbage,  
 Bacon, beans, salt beef, and cabbage,  
 Butter-milk and oaten bread ;  
 Fol der iddle lol, fol der iddle lol,  
 Fol lol, der iddle iddle, fol, lol, lol.

“ Sir,” says he, “it is not, fol der iddle lol.”

“ Vhy, vhat is it then, my master ?”

“ Why, it is fa, la, ra, da.”

“ Vhy how should I know that, my master ?”

“ Read the book, Sir,”—[*Slap.*]

Some men speak before they think ; others tediously study every word they utter. Some men are mute, from having nothing to say ; some should be mute, because they say nothing to the purpose. Some men say nothing to their wives, and others would be extremely happy if their wives said nothing to them.

There are a set of persons who continually

ransack a dictionary to puzzle their friends at night, and to pass for men of learning, by using obsolete words and technical terms, which they frequently misapply, to the exposure of themselves and the diversion of their hearers.

One of these word-grubbers was informed by a friend, that a certain unpopular nobleman had fallen from his horse, and received a severe *blow* in his *stomach*, which, it was thought, would cause a gathering. This valuable piece of news he immediately carried to the Barber's shop, with a very unnecessary alteration of language; for this dealer in hard words said, that his lordship, in the fall, had received a *contusion* in his *abdominal* parts, and 'twas thought 'twould occasion an *abcess*. Friend Razor was not long possessed of the learned information before a customer came to be shaved. The towel was scarcely tucked under his chin, and my friend Razor employed in beating up a lather, when the usual question of what news? was asked. "News!" says Razor, "why aint you heard the story about Lord Squanderstock?" "No," an-

swered the other. "No!" said Razor in surprise; "why he fell from his horse yesterday, and received such a *confusion* in his *abominable* parts, that 'tis thought 'twill occasion his *absence*."

This learned and elegant information of word-grubber, or walking dictionary, might have come, with propriety, from the mouth of one apothecary to another; but it was very unsuitable to the capacity of a common shaver, whose utmost extent of language consists in uttering, in a plain, simple manner, the news of the day, and declaring he can weave "*seven pair in an hour, twice in for a cut.*"

But, as a contrast to the Barber, the Apothecary will tell you that he is erudite enough to pill, bolus, lotion, potion, draught, drench, dose, bleed, blister, glister, cup, scarify, syringe, salivate, couch, sweat, diet, dilute, tap, plaster, and poultice, all persons, in all diseases, and in all conditions.

The Barber improves our outward appearance; the Apothecary does, or ought to do, the same. The Apothecary gives you pow-

ders, and the Barber powders you. The Barber may be known by his smart look, and tripping gait; the Apothecary is known by his sober pace and grave physiognomy. The Barber plasters your head when it is whole, and the Apothecary when it is broken. The Barber often revives a Wig, and the Apothecary sometimes kills a Tory. The Apothecary is the servant of Esculapius, and the Barber of Venus, whom he often prepares for her appearance at the Pantheon. The Apothecary derives his art from Apollo; he therefore exercises it on a Sunday; and the Barber makes no difficulty of doing the same.

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Comparisons, when properly formed, aptly applied, and judiciously used, elevate the most eminent species of literature. But when they are vulgarly chosen, and indiscreetly applied, they degenerate, like conundrums or puns, into conceit and bastard wit. They, however, tend to promote conviviality and good humour, and, without good humour, Virtue may awe

by its dignity, and amaze by its splendour ; but it will scarcely ever gain a proselyte or attract an imitator.

It is remarked by Prince Henry, when he sees Falstaff lying on the ground, that he could have better spared a better man. He was well acquainted with the vices and follies of him whom he lamented ; but, while conviction compelled him to do justice to his superior qualities, his tenderness still broke forth at the remembrance of Falstaff, of the cheerful companion, the loud buffoon, with whom he had passed his time in all the luxury of idleness, and who had cheered him with unre-served merriment, which he enjoyed, while he despised his sensuality and cowardice.

Many, who are incapable of attaining any general character for excellence, possess some singularity of entertainment which serves them as a passport through life.

I have known one, the darling of a weekly club, from singing every night at eleven o'clock precisely, his favourite song—

Did you not hear of Johnny Pringle's pig ?  
When it was alive, it wasn't very big ;

If it were alive, why then you might see,  
Betsy Pringle, Johnny Pringle, and poor Piggy..

Betsy Pringle laid her down and cried,  
Johnny Pringle laid him down and died ;  
There was an end of one, two, and three,  
Betsy Pringle, Johnny Pringle, and poor Piggy.

I have known a person endear himself to a long succession of acquaintance by mimicking Punch and his wife Joan. [*Imitate Punch.*

Another proved himself the same good fortune, by playing on the mock bassoon.

[*Imitate the tune of a Busy Humble Bee.*

Another is reckoned a droll devil, or a droll fish, for imitating sawing.

[*Imitate the sound of sawing.*

The amorous parley of two intriguing cats in a gutter, has been a very commendatory performance. According to this imitation, the gentleman thus addresses the lady :

“ Moll—Moll-row. Moll-row.”

Now the Lady.

“ Cur-well, cur-well, cur-well.”

Now the Gentleman.

“ Cur, you love me? Cur, you love me?”

Now the Lady.

"No cur no, cur no."

Now the Catastrophe.

"Hoo, hoo—oh, you whore."

[*Imitate fighting.*]

### THE LONDON CRIES

Have carried many a man through life, with  
the character of a pleasing companion.

"Come, Mr. Tompkins, do pray oblige us  
with the London Cries."

"I will, I will."

Weep! Weep! Sweep, sweep, soot oh!

Dust, oh! Dust, oh!

Hot cross buns, one a penny buns, two a  
penny, one a penny—two a penny, hot cross  
buns!

Cloaths, cloaths! Any old cloaths!

Hot spice ginger-bread, hot! Come, buy  
my spice ginger-bread, smoaking hot!

Fire stone cheeks for your stoves!

A long tail'd pig, or a short tail'd pig, or a

pig without e'er a tail ! A sow pig, or a boar  
pig, or a pig with a curling tail !

Buy a Dutch loaf for a pudding !

Any knives, scissars, or razors to grind !

Matches, matches, come buy them of me,  
They are the best matches that ever you see ;  
For lighting a candle, or kindling a fire,  
They are the best matches that you can desire ;  
I sell my matches as far as Bloomsbury square,  
God bless the Duke of Bedford, for he lives  
there ;

I sell my matches as far as Charing Cross,  
God bless the man upon the black horse ;  
I sell my matches as far as Whitehall,  
God bless the King and the noblemen all !

Come, buy my water-cresses, nice young  
water-cresses.

Ground ivy, ground ivy ; come, buy my  
ground ivy.

Singing birds !—Singing Birds !

The last dying speech and confession, both  
parentage and education, life, character, and  
behaviour, of the five malefactors that were  
executed this morning at Newgate !

Two full pound for two-pence, Oh rare potatoes! Oh rare potatoes!

Any broken bottles for a poor old woman to-day?

Come, my soul, will you buy a bowl?

I'm just come from the Borough,

Will you buy a wooden stirrer?

Sand ho! Sand oh! my lilly white sand oh!

Mistress, do you want any to-day?

*She answers.* Ha! what's that you say?

*Sandman.* D'ye want any sand to-day?

*Mistress.* No! I don't want any to-day.

*Sandman.* Get along ye—whoa ball; keep the blind horse out of the kindle there, whoa!

Want a horse for your cloaths? Want a horse for your cloaths?

Past twelve o'clock! Past twelve o'clock!

Hu, hu! Look up young man and see if the pin of that window is fastened; past twelve o'clock, and a cloudy morning!



Such are the innocent means of promoting

cheerfulness and cementing friendship, and which should never be despised or rigorously censured, unless they are practised to abash Innocence or promote Depravity ; for mankind require diversity of entertainment to cheer the tedious sameness that would otherwise render our existence a burthen, instead of a blessing. As the individuals forming the mass of human nature possess different tastes and inclinations, multifarious entertainments are as essential as the many different avocations they are obliged to adopt for subsistence. A nation, therefore, formed upon an equality of manners, is such a solecism in the philosophy of man, as is equally irreconcilable to reason and possibility.

In speaking of variety, let us advert to news-papers, which form a most whimsical and laughable example of the various vicissitudes and employments of man. Indeed, a news-paper may be justly termed a microcosm, or the world in miniature.

In one place, we find the victory of a general ; in another, we observe the desertion of a private soldier. A man that is too little

for a Gazette, may easily creep into an advertisement; thus we frequently see, in the same paper, an Apothecary with a Plenipotentiary, and a Footman with an Ambassador. An advertisement from Piccadilly, goes down the current of time, with an article from Madrid, and John the Painter is mentioned in the same paper with the Emperor of Germany.

Another use to which these diurnal publications have been devoted of late years, has been the admission of every species of controversy. So great a portion of a news-paper has been allotted for this purpose, that the chief part of advertisements are entirely polemical. The inventors of Razor Strops have written against each other with great bitterness. I need not mention the venders of some of the Patent Medicines; nor notice the Dilligences, Flying Machines, and Post Coaches, together with a hard struggle for the saving half a quarter of a mile, in the road between Bath and London.

The third and last use of these writings is, to inform the world where they may be furnished with almost every necessary in life.

Should a man have pains in his head and spots on his cloaths, he may here be informed of proper cures and remedies. Would a man recover a wife, or a horse that is stolen or strayed; if he wants new sermons, electuaries, asses milk, or any thing else, either for his body or his mind, this is the place to look for them. Being on this topic, I must not omit reciting an advertisement which lately appeared in one of our news-papers. It was as follows :

“ Wanted for a family, who have bad health, a sober, steady person, in the capacity of doctor, surgeon, apothecary, and man-midwife. He must occasionally act in the capacity of butler, and dress hair and wigs. He will be required to read prayers occasionally, and to preach a sermon every Sunday. The reason of this advertisement is, that the family cannot any longer afford the expences of the physical tribe, and wish to be at a certain expence for their bodies and souls. A good salary will be given.

“ Enquire for W. D. at the Pine-Apple,  
Orchard Street.

“ N. B. He will be at liberty to turn a penny in any of his professions when not wanted in the family.”

A collection of advertisements is a kind of miscellany ; the writers of which, contrary to all authors, give money to those who publish their copies. The genius of the publisher is chiefly displayed by his method of arranging and digesting their little tracts ; the last paper I met with places them in the following order—

Shining Liquid Blacking for Shoes.

The Beautifying Cream for the Face.

A New and Complete System of Geography.

The Bath Sun-Fire Office.

To be Sold, by Private Contract, a Freehold.

Wants a Place, a middle-aged Woman.

Shoes and Boots.

The Present State of America.

English Coffee.

Corn Salve.

Lloyd's Wax and Spermaceti Warehouse,

and,

Bell's Edition of Shakespeare.

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Describing the humours and manners of the age we live in has always been considered useful and entertaining. No country possesses more singular people than England, where a merit, if not a virtue, is made of a peculiarity of character. And such is the natural independency of their temper, that every person is proud of living agreeably to his own fancy. I have known a muff, or a head-dress become a solid blessing or misfortune. A lap-dog has broken the hearts of thousands. How frequently has a lady been thrown into a fit by a neglect at a ball or an assembly! Flavia has kept her chamber ever since the last masquerade, and is in greater danger of her life from being left out of it than Clarinda is, from the violent cold she caught in it. Nor are these dear creatures the only sufferers by such imaginary calamities: many an author has been dejected at the censure of an idiot; and as many heroes have been thrown into a fit of melancholy by the rabble hooting him as he passed through the streets. A running horse is a source of happiness to one, while a gilded chariot, a

sword-knot, or a tulip, form the *summum bonum* of others. But as it would be endless to enumerate all the fantastical oddities in this kingdom, I shall conclude this part with displaying a few of them.

The unwearied application which an Englishman gives to a favourite study is incredible: every other idea is nearly absorbed by what he is pursuing. This creates that abstraction of the mind which is more frequently seen in mental absences in this country than in any other.

Dick Shatterbrain, having purchased a second-hand coat at one of the old cloaths shops in Monmouth-street, observed, at the next door, a butcher's shop, and being desirous of keeping the wind out of his stomach, as well as from his back and shoulders, asked the price of a leg of mutton, which the butcher told him was two and three-pence. "Two shillings and three-pence!" echoed Dick; "why sure, my worthy friend, you must have lost your senses. Two shillings and three-pence for that leg of mutton, why I can buy a new one for that price."

DEMOCRITUS, who was one of those philosophers, who thought all things depended upon chance and atoms, and laughed at human *weakness* and *vanity*, was so *weak* and *vain* himself as to put out his eyes, that he might have the reputation of philosophizing more profoundly than any of his predecessors or cotemporaries.

CALIGULA, Emperor of Rome, conferred the honour of priesthood upon his horse.

DARIUS the First, King of Persia, boasts, in his epitaph, of having been a great drinker. He says, I could both drink a great deal of wine and carry it well.

CRELLIUS, a famous Socinian, published a system of morals, wherein he maintains, that a man may lawfully beat his wife. This reminds us of our modern judicial Crellius, who defended the right of a man to beat his wife with a flick, provided it was not thicker than his thumb.

SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE says, that the abilities of man must fall short on one side or the other ; like too scanty a blanket when you are on your bed : if you pull it on your

shoulders, you leave your feet bare; and if you place it on your feet your shoulders are uncovered.

---

*Friend* is an appellation given and received by many that have little or no claim to the character. How much it must appear abused, when the highwayman comes to your coach-door, and salutes you, you thus address him with—Pray, *friend*, take away the pistol, and don't alarm the ladies; which is a title we give to women of all sorts: the Lamp-lighter, the Shoe-black, and the Porter on a Sunday with their wives a mile out of town.

“ Vont touch any wittles 'till the *Ladies* are helpt.”

For every woman, on a Sunday at least, considers herself a Lady; and you cannot affront her more grossly than to withhold from her that distinguished title. Having studied the vocabulary of affectation, she imagines it polite to say—

“ *Mem, purdigious, exquisite, quite the bung*

tung"—and many other words equally well pronounced, and as well applied.

The youth, who carries out parcels in the forenoon, begins to think, ere evening, that he really is a gentleman. He calls every mop-squeezer a Lady, believes himself a man of fashion, and, to support his opinion, plumps himself into a sedan, and orders it to Lovejoy's. This causes the dissipation of the subordinate departments of life, and its attendant consequences: Miss, beating hemp in Bridewell, fancies herself a Countess in distress; and the youth, in a cart, is conscious of his having the air of a Lord.

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Shakespeare says, "Let your clowns speak no more than what is set down for them: for there will be some of them that will laugh themselves, to set on a number of barren spectators to do the same, though there be some necessary part of the play to be then observed."

But I have known Actors, who, although

they were desirous of expressing their author, have yet committed inadvertently an error. The following anecdote is an example :

A Veteran in the York Company was playing the part of Don Pedro, in the Spanish Friar. It being in the race week, the stage happened to be crowded by such as could not get places before the curtain.

This Veteran, as Don Pedro, being asked the question of what hopes? His answer should have been—

“As much as when physicians shake their heads,  
And bid their dying patients think of Heaven.”

But, unfortunately, one of the Jockies, who was among the crowd upon the stage, stuck, either by design or accident, the rowel of his spur in his back, just as he had got to the last line. His answer therefore to the question of what hopes? was literally—“As much as when physicians shake their heads, and bid their dying patients——Go to hell, and be damn'd!”

As John Dryden's Pegasus was not to be

pushed forward by a Yorkshire jockey, this was certainly spurring the actor in the wrong place.

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But of all the Tragedians that ever tragedized, he was the most *outré* in his own performance, whose satire made him the dread of every other theatrical performer, I mean our late English Aristophanes, Mr. Foote. He was a great favourite with the town, and, as a comic writer and a mimic, a most deserved one. But acting is to be considered on principles much more extensive.

His performance of Othello was such a master-piece of burlesque, that it has never yet been forgotten by those who saw it. But however extravagantly *outré* this may have been, it could never equal the burlesque he displayed in Hamlet, which he performed for his own benefit at Bath.

When he came to the quarrel in the last act with Laertes where the following lines occur :

“ What is the reason that you use me thus?  
 I lov'd thee ever—but 'tis no matter.  
 Let Hercules himself do what he may,  
 The Cat will mew—the dog will have his day.”

Instead of this, he said, in his usual way,  
 [*Imitating Foote.*

“ What is the reason that you use me thus?—I lov'd thee ever. But 'tis no matter—let Hercules himself do what he may—the *dog* will *mew*—No, no! that's wrong—the *cat* will *bark*—Oh no!—that's the *dog*—the *dog* will *mew*—No—that's the *cat*—the *cat* will—No!—that's the *dog* again—the *cat*—the *dog*—the *dog*—the *cat*—Pshaw—Pish—Pox—'tis something about barking, mewing, and caterwalling, but, as I hope to be saved, Ladies and Gentlemen, I know nothing more about the matter.”

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It has been customary to teach young performers to *throw it out, keep it up, go through with it*, and use their arms and legs—so as

not to stand like a tragedy tea-pot, with one hand stuck by his side, like the hand, and the other stretched out in this manner, *like the spout*. So that the actor is always in motion, and appears as if he had St. Vitus's dance.

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Mr. Mossop, the once celebrated tragedian, was distinguished among the ways of the Green Room, by the appellation of the one-handed actor.

Mr. Churchill says in his *Rosciad*, that his right hand was always labouring away, while his left was totally supine.

But this defective habit was completely cured by Mr. Garrick telling him the following story of a *one-handed actor*, who had a wooden arm. Disdaining that one hand should have all the labour, he would strike the wooden one with the other, so as to set it on a full swing like the pendulum of a clock. In this manner—

“ I own the glorious subject fires my breast,  
And my soul's darling passion stands confest.

[*Bang goes Clumpey.*

Beyond myself or virtue's sacred band—

Beyond my life I prize my native land ;

[*Bang.*

Think England's peace bought cheaply with my  
blood,

And die with pleasure for my country's good.”

Bang, bang, and so swing swang, dingle  
dangle, went the wooden limb, while the poor  
Actor was as proud of it as he was of his living  
ones.

---

Although performers neglecting the study  
of their profession deserve reprehension, yet  
I must exempt such from censure as have  
been neglectful from their endeavours proving  
unsuccessful. In this situation was the late  
facetious George Alexander Stevens, at Lynn,  
in Norfolk. Having played there several  
nights to empty benches, he neglected to

study the part of Lorenzo, in the Merchant of Venice, which he had to perform before the company left the town. He, however, bustled through it tolerably well until he came to the last act, where he should have said to Jessica—

“ In such a night as this, Leander swam the Hellespont, and brav'd the winds and waves for Hero's sake,” &c. &c.

Instead of which he began thus—

“ Oh Jessica! in such a night as this the —man—swam over the water—and he div'd and he duck'd—and he duck'd and he div'd —'till he got to the other side—and—there, you know, he met with his—his sweetheart—and there Jessica, you know, they met each other.

This was intolerable! The audience perceiving the cause, expressed their disapprobation by a general hiss from every part of the theatre.

Stevens, greatly irritated by this, resolved to quit the town—as he termed it, in a blaze. He took, therefore, Jessica by the

hand, and—leading her forward, addressed the audience thus—

“ O Jessica, in such a night as this we came to town,  
And since that night we’ve touch’d but half a crown,  
Let you and I then bid these folks good night,  
For if we longer stay, they’ll starve us quite.

Damn me.”

FINIS.

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